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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXV No. 2151 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — APRIL 12 1941

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Volume CLXV No. 2151 The SPHERE, London, April 12, 1941

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, April 12, 1941

THE YUGOSLAV ARMY IS NOW IN THE FIELD AGAINST THE GERMANS: War was Declared by Hitler Against the Yugoslavs and Greeks on Sunday, April 6

Now that war has come in the Balkans the determined nation of Yugoslavia is ranged with Britain and Greece in the struggle against Hitlerism. Elsewhere in this issue special Sections are devoted to our new Ally and her ports, Navy and Army. The last-named consists of a total wartime strength of one million men : the infantry are well equipped, but there is a shortage of tanks and anti-tank weapons and modern artillery. When the war extends to the mountainous regions of the hinterland the Yugoslavs will be fighting in country which will suit their stubborn and determined temperaments. The Air Force has about 1000 aeroplanes, many of them British—both fighters and bombers —and the personnel is good and efficient. The Premier, General Simovitch, is himself an airman. Yugoslavia has an area of about twice the size of Britain, and is peopled by some 16,000,000 resolute and hardy inhabitants

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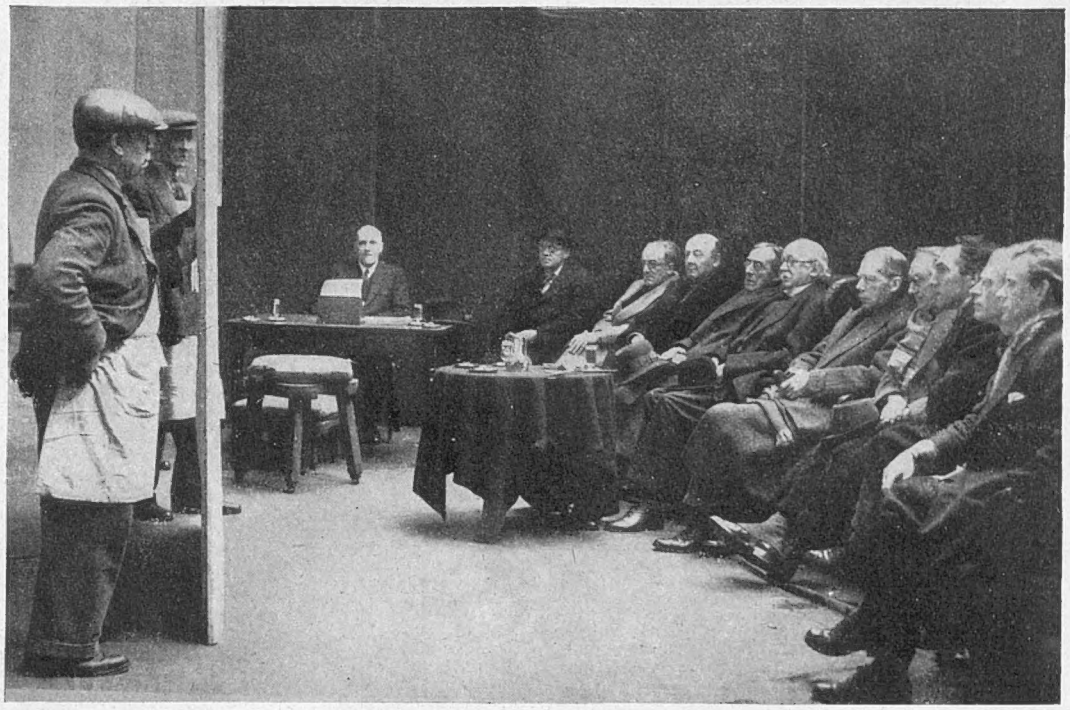
A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 84

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1

Credit Balance.—In the give and take of war (of all wars), we had a good time recently on which we may look back with satisfaction. It may help us to keep our sense of proportion and confidence when the pendulum inevitably swings back. What a series of military and diplomatic victories of first magnitude followed hard on the heels of Hitler's and Ribbentrop's prematurely glorified "another diplomatic Dunkirk" in the Balkans! Keren's and Harar's occupation turned the Italian resistance into a rout. Yugoslavia's *coup d'état* altered the whole chessboard in the Balkans and completely upset the Nazi applecart. At the same time it was made known that Axis shipping losses since the war began totalled nearly 2,500,000 tons. And then came news that a crushing defeat had been delivered on the elusive remnant of the Italian Fleet, of which 50 per cent. at least is now *hors de combat*. Without the loss of a man, without a dent to a ship, Admiral Cunningham emasculated the already decimated Italian Fleet. In the dark days ahead, let us remember these two weeks of cheerful news, and have faith that, in the give and take of war, they will come again and always at more frequent intervals.

The Pendulum Swings Back.—Yes, even as I wrote these words, the pendulum swung back. While the news was still coming in of the incredible magnitude of our Navy's vengeance on the vilest and most traitorous enemy of France, French guns and bombs were raining on our ships while in the performance of duties the legality of which even Vichy had not yet seriously impugned. While Matsuoka was on his way to Rome for a fireside chat with Mussolini (to be somewhat shorn of its cosiness and jollity), the men of Vichy elected to strike a blow at the risen hopes of millions of Frenchmen, still smarting from the lash of Italian claims and boasts and from the hidden dagger of Italian treachery. What dark and evil imaginings may not this deplorable incident awaken in Hitler's brooding mind? How, if France might be promoted (under Vichy) now to take the place of an Italian ally no longer useful? How if Vichy could be persuaded, on the promise that Italian claims on France should be "liquidated" (and loot from Italy perhaps substituted), to come in as "equal partner" with the Reich against Britain, the common enemy and disturber of peace? All the recent past to be forgotten, France and Germany, as brothers, to share the control of Europe, Africa, the Mediterranean and the Near East, and the insignificant Balkan and Mediterranean races (such as Italy) to yield up such treasures as the new partners needed? An attractive dream to the Napoleon of Berchtesgaden, a dream which might seduce the darkest minds in Vichy. A double-cross—doubled again. We wait and we shall see. In the minds of Hitler and of traitors nothing is too shameful to be imagined.



"SELECTION DAY" AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY—THE SELECTION COMMITTEE AT WORK AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: During the first week in May the Royal Academy will open its annual Summer Exhibition in Piccadilly—as usual, war or no war. The Selection Committee are here seen at work, choosing the pictures which will then be on show. Reading from the left are the following: Mr. W. R. M. Lamb (Secretary; at small table), Mr. Francis Dodd, R.A., Mr. Gerald Kelly, R.A., Sir Edwin Cooper, R.A., Sir Walter Russell, R.A., Sir Edwin Lutyens, President of the Royal Academy; Mr. Charles M. Gere, R.A., Mr. Stanley Anderson, R.A., Mr. A. F. Hardiman, A.R.A., Mr. Meredith Frampton, A.R.A., and Mr. Charles Wheeler, R.A.

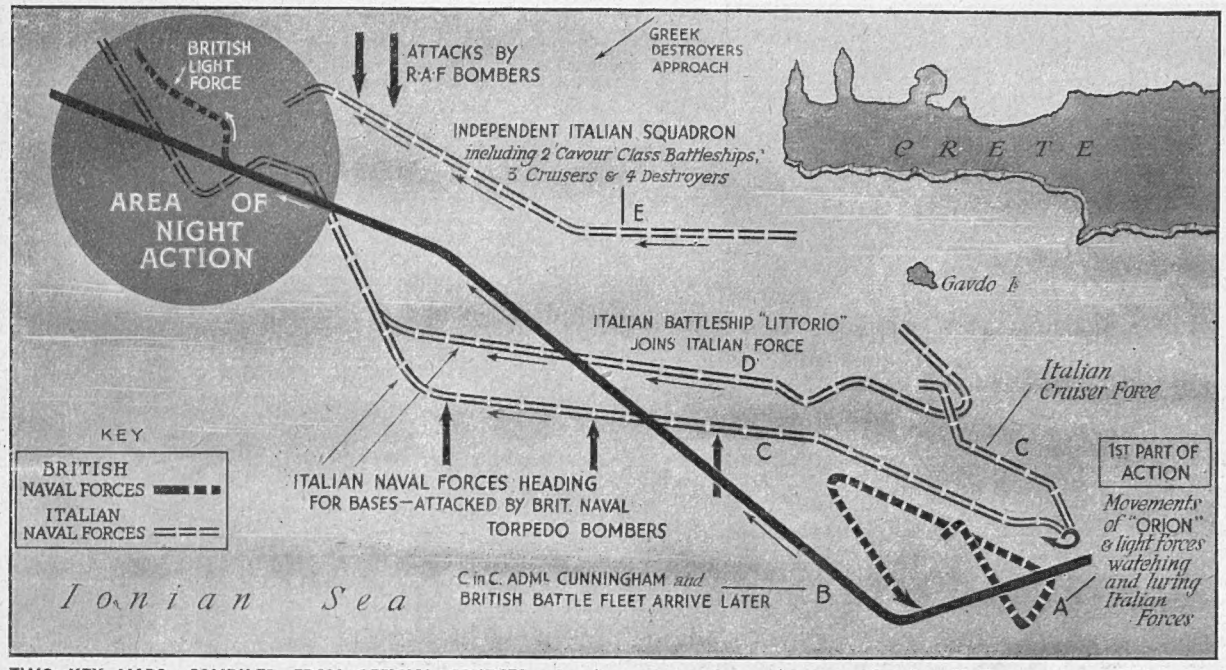
God's Judgment on a Criminal.—When Mussolini (as dictators must) went finally mad from vanity and greed and lust, he committed crimes of treachery and aggression which were beyond forgiveness. From that hour, the vengeance of Heaven began to be turned ascribing to God, the giver of victory, and the only dispenser of justice and punishment, the means by which those victories and that fearful judgment on a master criminal were attained. Indeed, we do not doubt that men alone could not have achieved such terrible vengeance. We do not doubt we were chosen as the instruments of Heaven's judgment, and we accept, in thankfulness and awe, the limits of man's powers. That wretched man, to whom God gave the chance to make a nation decent and happy, and gave also three golden opportunities to save Civilisation from unspeakable suffering, lies now in the dust, shamed, hated, despised and crushed. He has bathed his country in blood, won an Empire by brutality and lost it all by cowardice and bungling. And he and his once great nation are to-day more despicable to their allies than to their enemies. The judgment on Mussolini is absolute. Can we doubt that not only his base jackals, his Gaydas and Ansaldos, comprehend that judgment and tremble for their shameful and hideous shares in bringing it down on Italy, but that the Greater Criminal, the still unpenitent thief, writhes on his cross and sees in the darkling sky the fiery sword of judgment which shall bring to him, too, the hour of agony and humiliation which he has deserved as no other master criminal in the world's history has deserved them? Fascism is dead and buried at the cross roads with a stake in its heart. And, close beside, there is a hole dug to receive the body of Nazi-ism. The zeal of the Lord of Hosts shall do this.

Home Guard—a Last Plea.—Before passing into the exalted commissioned ranks in the Home Guard, which transformation—so little desired—stops me henceforth from airing any views in print which may differ from those held by Army authorities, I put in one last, urgent plea that the fine spirit of that fine force, and its efficiency in war, may not be further endangered by muddled thinking and a diversity of views as to its proper functions: 1. The whole creed of our modern Army leaders is comprised in one word—*training*. Training of mind, body, soul, for the supreme task of fierce, swift, utterly skilled and planned assault on, and defence against, a ruthless, highly-trained enemy. That training, under the best auspices and conditions, admittedly takes months of constant labour. None, who thinks at all, can believe that a force, unpaid, scattered and working on full, or overtime, civil employment, can get that training. Ergo, it cannot undertake the functions of the Regular Army, nor co-operate with it in *its* technique. 2. But the Home Guard has progressed, in the circumstances, wonderfully, in equipment and in its own forms of military technique. It is a force to be reckoned with, if too much is not sought from it outside its proper sphere. 3. Its function in rural areas is clearly defined by conditions, and as clearly circumscribed. Every rural platoon has a distinct function defined by its local terrain and local conditions. Broadly, every rustic platoon is fitted and should be encouraged to block its own local communications against an advancing enemy, defend its vital services (telephone exchanges, power-stations, etc.), prevent its supplies of food and petrol from falling into enemy hands, govern and control in a military way its local population, keep down quislingism, and for ever snipe, bomb, obstruct, round up and harass small parties of enemy marauders. For the rest, it must constantly *watch*, quickly pass information obtained to the Regulars, whom it must *guide* to the seat of trouble with its perfect knowledge of paths and lanes. *But* to defend as Regulars, to attack as Regulars, to co-operate with Regulars in an organised major operation, it neither can nor (for the common cause) should be asked to attempt. And, finally, let War Office, local Regular commanders and Zone Commanders unite in comprehending at long last (and never forget again) that rural H.G. units and urban H.G. units cannot be legislated for by a common standard of measurement. They differ in every essential, save in their name.

Literary Criticism.—How often I pray that one of our cultural activities, in which Britain once shone, may not be finally destroyed by the war! I refer to literary criticism. It has suffered eclipse for two decades. It was fast going downhill before this war. Now, restriction on news space and newsprint has hastened its decline and it is in a bad way. The *toujours perdrix* of war news—very misguidedly, in my view—has shouldered it out from all but the staunchest, soundest and most dignified of journals. We can comprehend, while we deplore, the justifications which so many editors give for scrapping so wholesome and so essential a cultural art of peace. Yet it is sad and humiliating to find in a majority of British papers no more lively effort to guide public taste in reading than a short selection of syndicated snippets from a new book which are the work of one, perhaps unqualified, man. It is the more sad because the genuine literary critics who survive and continue their craft in the great journals which have not abandoned their trust are on as high a level of efficiency and impartiality as ever they were—in impartiality perhaps never so high. It is a tragedy of our national culture and education that, in war or peace, "so many should owe so much to so few"; and that the reading public, crying out for enlightenment, should be compelled to fall back on the sometimes commercial boosts of book societies, on the mutual back-scratchings of authors-in-the-ring, and on the "news-value" snippets of junior sub-editors, instead of being allowed to choose for themselves.

The New Aggression.—The expected onslaughts on Greece and Yugoslavia fell about dawn on Palm Sunday, the usual "sickening technique" being nowise improved on. No declaration of war; first warning through diplomatic channels *after* the act; the same dreary, clumsy historical review and justification repeated by Goebbels and Ribbentrop. What new features are there in these latest aggressions? I think we may hope to see them in the *temper* of the victims. The Greeks are proved and seasoned; so are the Yugoslavs. Of the nations outraged by aggression in recent times, the Finns and Greeks stand first in sheer efficiency and spirit combined and proved. The Dutch and Norwegians have shown their toughness also. I do not think the Yugoslavs will fail of a place in the front rank. They will suffer. Greece will suffer—terribly. The Nazis will gain ground and victories. There will be black days ahead. But I believe Hitler has made a dangerous move, and that this new phase is a prelude to his undoing. I hope that we shall now let loose our fullest power on Germany from the air; that we shall treat Vienna as an answer to Belgrade, remember the oilfields of Rumania, and lose no opportunity for aggressive diversions anywhere and everywhere. We shall soon know what preparations we have already made to help in Greece itself and in the new theatre. I suppose if Turkey and Russia joined the dog-fight now, Europe would sleep in peace before autumn ended! But that is just dreaming. And now the Saints be with us! The fearful tussle is joined, the struggle will be ding-dong, and long. The Allies will come through to certain victory.

THE OLD STAGER



The NAVAL VICTORY off CAPE MATAPAN on MARCH 28

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A Complete Record of the Battle with the Italian Fleet—An Engagement Unique in Naval History. Despite the Overwhelming Losses Inflicted on the Enemy not a Single Enemy Shell Struck Home!

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TWO KEY MAPS, COMPILED FROM OFFICIAL SOURCES, showing where the action was fought off Crete and the manoeuvres of the two contending naval forces

AT the southernmost tip of the barren peninsula of the Peloponnesus in Greece lies Cape Matapan—most southerly point of Continental Europe. It will now go down to history as the scene of one of the most momentous naval engagements of the century.

It is curious to reflect, at the outset, that less than one hundred miles away, to the north-west and on the Greek mainland as the crow flies, lies another small town the name of which also evokes memories of a great British naval victory—Pylos, better known by its medieval name of Navarino.

Here, on October 20, 1827, Admiral Codrington, in command of a united British, French and Russian "Fleet of observation," had demanded the immediate evacuation of the entire Morea by Ibrahim Pasha and the withdrawal of the Turkish Fleet. On these demands being rejected, Codrington entered the harbour with 26 men of war and 1,270 cannon and annihilated the greater part of the Turkish Fleet in barely 2 hours. Of 82 Turkish ships, with about 2,000 guns, only 29 remained afloat! Thus ended the Greek War of Liberation.

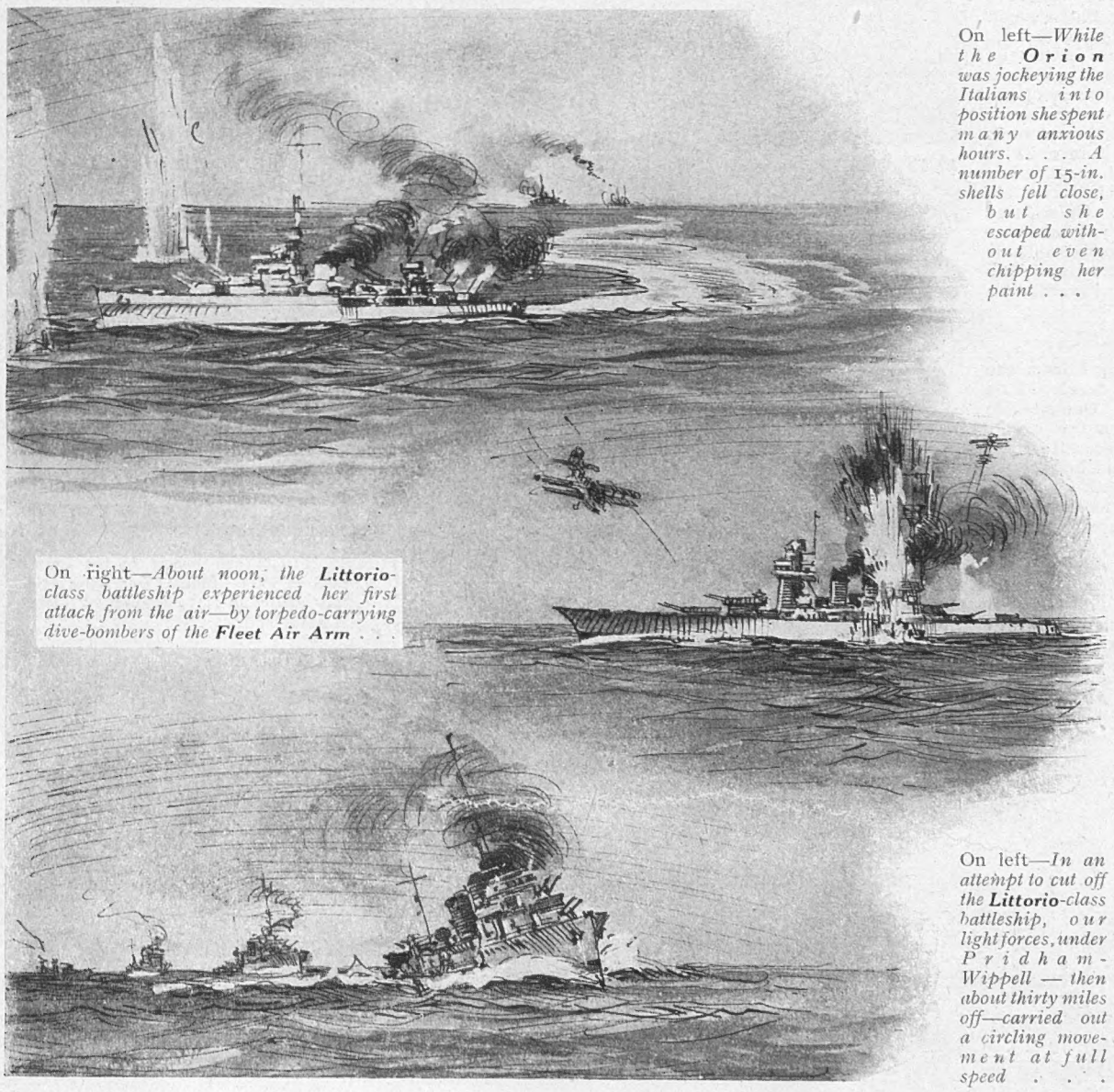
THE ITALIAN FLEET COMES OUT

The story of Matapan properly begins in Alexandria, where on the morning of March 27 Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, was flying his flag in the battleship *Warspite*, and where the main body of his fleet was concentrated. At midday, reconnaissance planes off Cape Passero at the southern tip of Sicily reported that enemy cruisers were at sea to the south-eastward.

It was immediately clear to Admiral Cunningham that these enemy cruisers "could not be up to any good," and he concluded that their probable intentions were to attack our convoys between Egypt and Greece. It has also been suggested that Germany may have insisted on the Italians making a naval demonstration in the Mediterranean to cover the transport of troops to Libya.

Whatever the reason for the venture, it is considered doubtful whether the Italians even knew that the British Battle Fleet was at sea at all, and it is almost certain that they did not

suspect that battleships mounting 15-in. guns were so close at hand as ultimately happened. Had their aircraft been in any way active during the 27th, they could have avoided being drawn into the trap—and final disaster—which developed.



On left—*While the* ***Orion*** *was jockeying the Italians into position she spent many anxious hours. . . . A number of* 15-*in. shells fell close, but she escaped without even chipping her paint . . .*

On right—*About noon, the* ***Littorio****-class battleship experienced her first attack from the air—by torpedo-carrying dive-bombers of the* ***Fleet Air Arm*** *. . .*

On left—*In an attempt to cut off the* ***Littorio****-class battleship, our light forces, under Pridham-Wippell — then about thirty miles off—carried out a circling movement at full speed . . .*

ADMIRAL CUNNINGHAM'S DISPOSITIONS

Acting on his quickly formed supposition, the Commander-in-Chief made the following dispositions of the forces at his disposal—

Light Forces:

In command Vice-Admiral H. D. Pridham-Wippell (commanding Light Forces), flying his flag in *Orion* (Flag-Captain G. R. B. Back)—7,215-ton cruiser. *Ajax* (Captain E. D. B. McCarthy)—6,985-ton cruiser. *Perth* (Captain Sir P. W. Bowyer-Smyth), of the Royal Australian Navy—6,980-ton cruiser. *Gloucester* (Flag-Captain H. A. Rowley)—9,400-ton cruiser. Some destroyers.

Battleship Fleet:

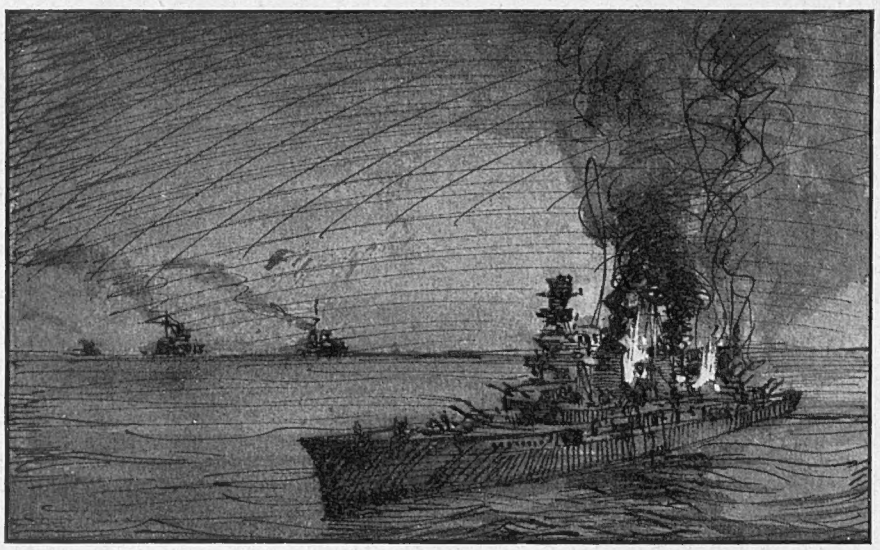
In command—Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham (C.-in-C., Mediterranean Fleet) flying his flag in *Warspite* (Flag-Captain D. B. Fisher) — 30,600-ton battleship. *Valiant* (Captain C. E. Morgan)—30,600-ton battleship. *Barham* (Flag-Captain G. C. Cooke)—31,100-ton battleship. *Formidable* (Flag-Captain A. W. La T. Bissett)—23,000-ton aircraft-carrier. Some destroyers.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE LITTORIO-CLASS BATTLESHIPS

Admiral Pridham-Wippell's force was ordered to proceed to a position south of Crete, in which it would be strongly placed to intercept any enemy forces attempting to interfere with our traffic with Greece. On the afternoon of the same day—March 27—the Commander-in-Chief took his main fleet to sea from Alexandria and steamed to the north-westward in the hope of intercepting the enemy and bringing them to action.

At one minute to eight o'clock on the morning of March 28 air reconnaissance reported an enemy force, consisting of one Littorio-class battleship (of 35,000 tons), six cruisers and seven destroyers, about 35 miles south of Gavdo Island: this enemy force was steering to the south-eastwards, and

(Continued on following page)



Above—*The stricken Italian cruiser* ***Pola,*** *which had been brought to a standstill. . . . The three heavy cruisers,* ***Fiume, Zara,*** *and* ***another,*** *returned to help her . . .*

On right—***Admiral Cunningham*** *wasted not a second. He gave an order. Each of his ships in close formation did a half-turn to starboard. This brought them into line ahead parallel to and steaming in the opposite direction to the Italians . . .*

THE ACTION OFF CAPE MATAPAN *(cont.)*

soon after being sighted it was seen to be joined by two more cruisers and at least two more destroyers. At the time of this sighting Admiral Pridham-Wippell's Cruiser Force was about 40 miles to the south-eastward of the enemy; but the Commander-in-Chief's main fleet was then about 95 miles away to the south-eastward of Pridham-Wippell and steaming as hard as it could go to the north-westward.

ORION "FLIRTS" WITH THE ITALIAN NAVY

Then followed a brilliant piece of naval strategy on Pridham-Wippell's part, who followed Beatty's tactics at the Battle of Jutland in luring the enemy vessels towards the main British Fleet. Acting on aircraft reports, the Cruiser Force altered course, first to the northward to make contact with the enemy cruisers at 2 minutes past 8 o'clock. Having made this contact the Vice-Admiral then turned his cruisers to the south-eastward in order to draw the enemy towards the oncoming Battle Fleet.

Whilst thus acting as a decoy, *Orion* had to dodge the shells from the Littorio-class battleship, which was then firing at a range of about 15 miles—without once registering a hit on the cruiser!

About 9 o'clock the enemy cruisers turned 16 points and began to steer to the north-westward. The British Cruiser Force followed suit in order to keep in touch. This they did until 10.58, when Admiral Pridham-Wippell sighted the Littorio-class battleship 16 miles to the northward. On sighting her, the British Admiral turned his cruisers once again to the south-eastward in order to keep outside the range of the heavy guns of the enemy battleship and to draw the enemy forces towards his Commander-in-Chief.

THE ATTACKS BY AIR

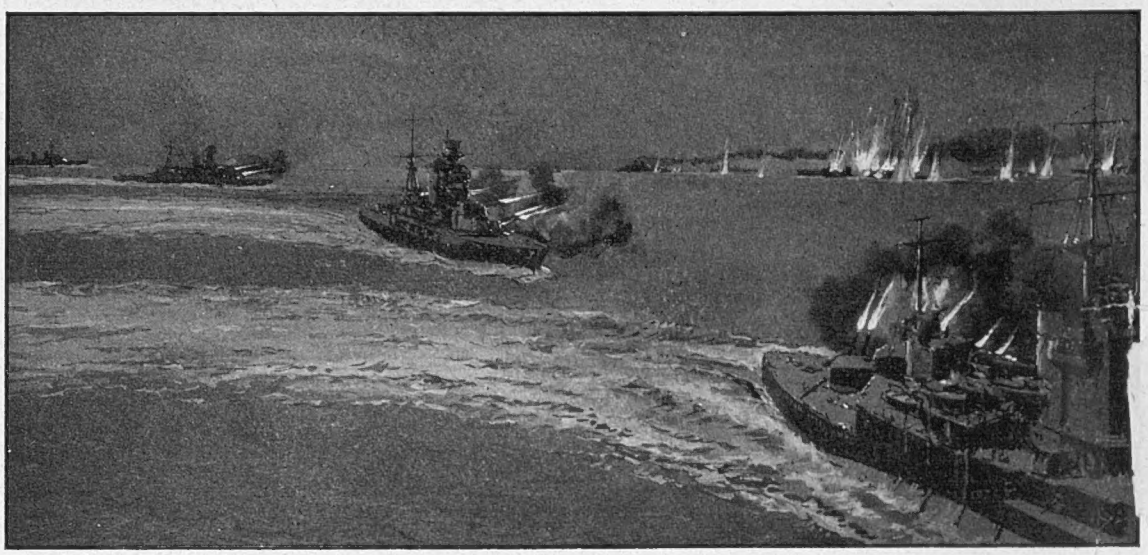
A torpedo attack was now launched from the Aircraft-Carrier *Formidable* and this developed on the Littorio-class battleship at 11.30. One possible hit was claimed in this attack: either this or the knowledge of the presence of an aircraft-carrier caused the Littorio-class battleship and her accompanying cruisers to turn to the north-westward. The enemy was thus again heading for his bases.

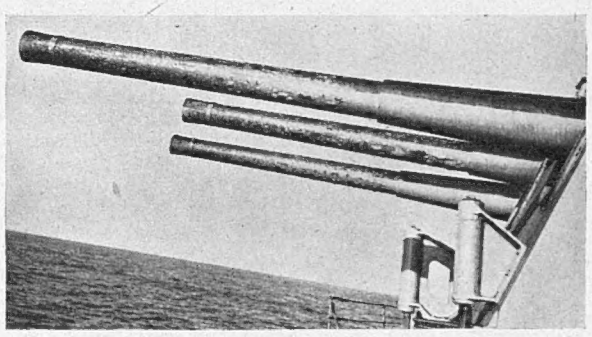
This abrupt turn by the enemy caused Pridham-Wippell to lose touch, but our Cruiser Force almost immediately came in sight of our own Battle Fleet and the whole of our forces pressed on after the enemy. At 11.35 our aircraft sighted and reported a second enemy force about 80 miles west of Gavdo Island. This consisted of two Cavour-class battleships, three cruisers and four destroyers. At about this time another torpedo-bomber attack by naval aircraft was launched against the enemy force which included the Littorio-class battleship. One hit was claimed in this attack.

During the first hours of the afternoon, naval aircraft again carried out a search for the enemy, with whom touch had been temporarily lost. The enemy was again located. A further bombing attack was launched, and in this attack three torpedo hits on the Littorio-class battleship were claimed. The torpedo-carrying aircraft (presumably Swordfish, as at Taranto) did magnificent work. Evidently the Italian battleship suffered damage, for she turned away: wave after wave of bombers harassed her and partially crippled her—her speed was reduced from 30 knots to 15, and she was given no rest from the air all day as she limped for her base.

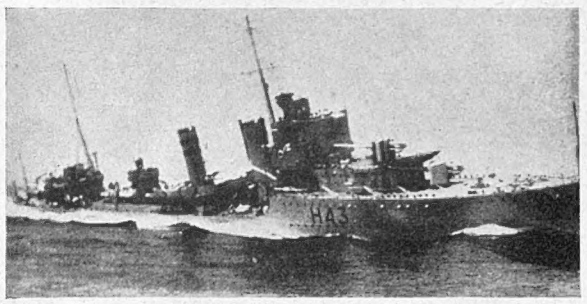
Between 15.00 and 17.00 hours on the 28th, Blenheim bombers of the R.A.F. attacked: it was claimed that two direct hits were scored on one cruiser, one direct hit on a destroyer and two probable hits on another cruiser. At 16.00 hours, having received a report from aircraft that the Littorio-class battleship's speed had been drastically reduced, the Commander-in-Chief at once ordered Pridham-Wippell to press on with his four cruisers to regain touch.

At dusk two further torpedo-bombing attacks were launched by naval aircraft. It is not thought that the Littorio-class battleship was again hit during these attacks, but one enemy cruiser was definitely hit by a torpedo.



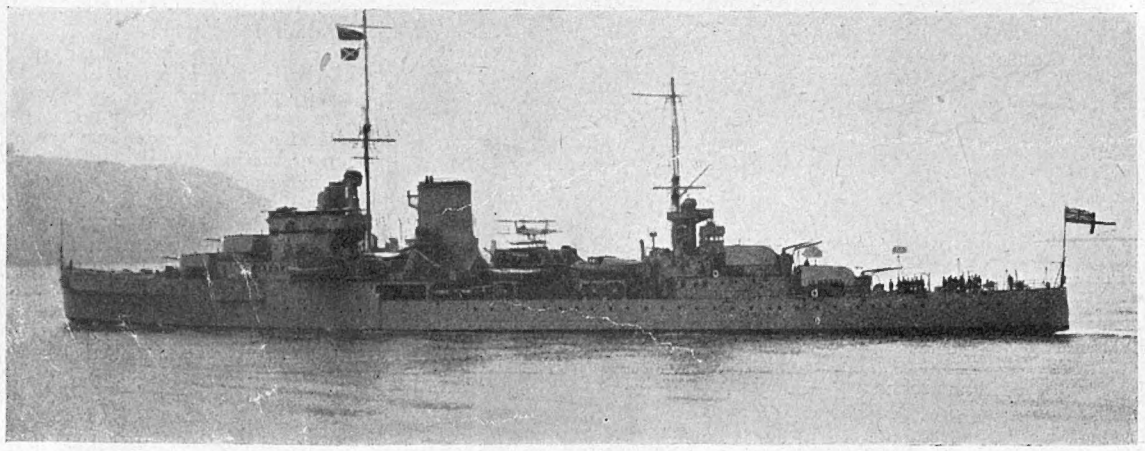


AT THE END OF A NAVAL ACTION: *An example of what happens to the ship's guns. These three guns alone fired over 200 rounds into Genoa in less than half an hour from one of the triple-gun turrets of H.M.S.* ***Sheffield.*** *Blisters on the enamel were caused by the intense heat: the guns themselves were, of course, uninjured*



Above—*H.M.S.* ***Havock,*** *the destroyer of Narvik fame, which wanted to finish off the cruiser* ***Pola*** *. . .*

Below—***Orion,*** *the flagship of* ***Vice-Admiral Pridham-Wippell,*** *which "flirted" with the Italians for hours . . .*



THE BATTLE BY NIGHT

It was after dark that the Battle Fleet made their first and only, but devastating, contact with the enemy. It was a moonless night and a flat calm, so that there was no horizon.

The Vice-Admiral had reported the position of a crippled enemy cruiser, the *Pola*, at 22.10 hours: this vessel was lying damaged and stopped, three miles to port of the Battle Fleet's course. The

BRITISH VESSELS at MATAPAN

The following ships have been mentioned in reports of the Battle: this list does not include all the British vessels which took part

WARSPITE: 30,600 tons. Built in 1915, reconstructed in 1934. Fought at Jutland and at Narvik. Mounts 15-in. guns. Flagship of Admiral Cunningham at Matapan

VALIANT: 30,600 tons. Built in 1916, reconstructed later. Mounts 15-in. guns and has a complement of over 1,100

BARHAM: 31,100 tons. Built in 1915 Mounts 15-in. guns. Sister-ship to *Malaya*

FORMIDABLE: Aircraft-carrier; launched in August 1939 and only recently completed. 23,000 tons, with a complement of 1,600. One of the Illustrious class

ORION: 7,215-ton cruiser of the Leander class. Built in 1934. Mounts 6-in. guns: complement 550. Flagship of Vice-Admiral Pridham-Wippell at Matapan

AJAX: 6,985-ton cruiser, also of the Leander class. Built in 1935. Mounts 6-in. guns

GLOUCESTER: 9,100-ton cruiser of the Southampton class. Built in 1939. Mounts 6-in. guns. Complement 700

PERTH: Ex-*Amphion*. 6,980-ton cruiser. Built in 1936. Mounts 6-in. guns. Complement 550. A Royal Australian Navy vessel

JERVIS: 1,695-ton destroyer. Built in 1939. Complement 183. Of the Javelin class

HAVOCK: 1,340-ton destroyer. Built in 1937. Complement 145. Of the Hero class

GREYHOUND: 1,335-ton destroyer. Built in 1936. Complement 145. Of the Greyhound class

STUART: 1,530-ton destroyer, rated as a Flotilla Leader. Built in 1918. Complement 183. A Royal Australian Navy vessel

Commander-in-Chief at once turned the Fleet to engage this unit. While approaching the *Pola*, three other enemy cruisers were sighted on the starboard bow: this enemy force consisted of two Zara-class cruisers led by a smaller cruiser of the Colleone class: this formation was crossing the bows of our Battle Fleet from starboard to port.

It was at 22.26 hours that the *Warspite* (the 30-years-old, but reconstructed, flagship, which so distinguished herself at Narvik), followed by the *Barham*, *Valiant* and their supporting vessels, sighted the darkened enemy ships. Admiral Cunningham wasted not a second: each of his ships, in close formation and under his orders, did a half-turn to starboard: this brought them into line ahead parallel to, and steaming in the opposite direction to, the enemy. Thus every gun was brought to bear on the Italians, who were taken completely by surprise, apparently without a thought that our ships were so near.

Suddenly the destroyer *Greyhound* switched her searchlight on to the third Italian ship, the heavy cruiser *Fiume*. And at almost the same moment the *Warspite's* terrific 15-in. guns opened fire from a distance of only 2 miles.

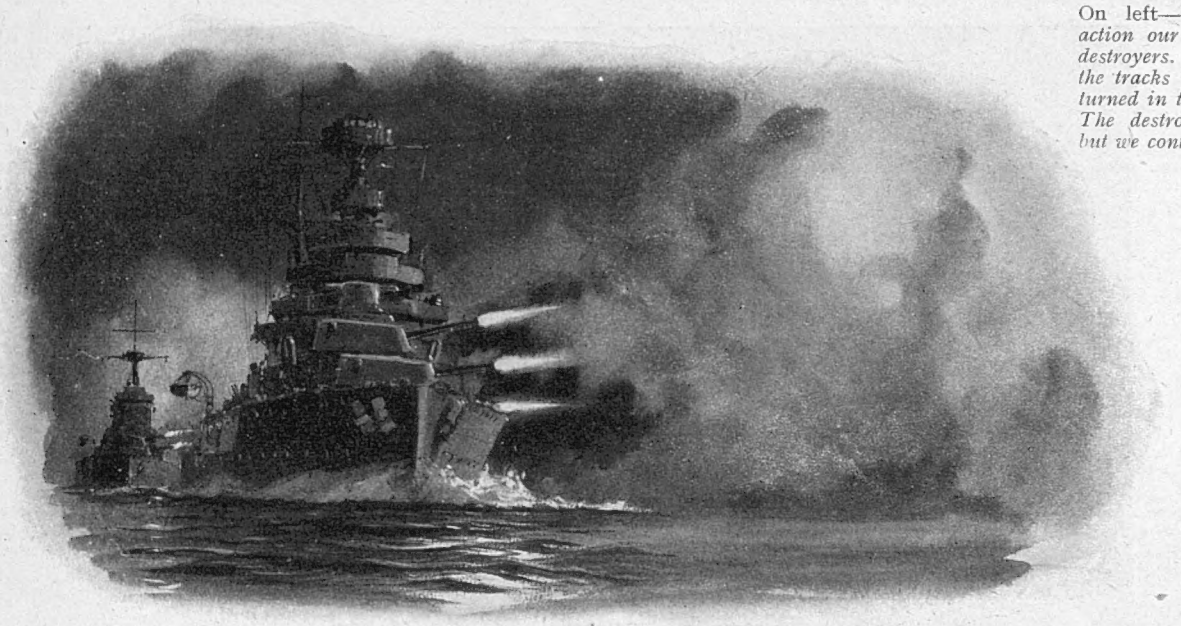
The result was catastrophic for the *Fiume*. From end to end the cruiser at once burst into a mass of flames before she could even swing her turrets. At least seven shells struck her together and she disintegrated in one burst of fire. The after-turret was blown clean over the side, and every vital part of the vessel was hit. A second broadside—and that was the end.

Without a moment's delay the British guns then turned on the Italian cruiser *Zara*, flagship of Admiral Contani, next ship in the line. She, too, was almost obliterated by the terrific broadsides. By this time the battleships were firing into the Italian line. A third heavy cruiser, of the Giovanni delle Bande Nere class, was very badly damaged before she had fired more than a few shots.

While the big ships of the Battle Fleet were in action, searchlights revealed two enemy destroyers ideally placed for torpedo attack on our vessels. They discharged torpedoes, but our ships had already turned in time to avoid them. And then the battleships turned their attention on *them*. Despite the smoke screen which the destroyers laid, our ships continued to fire through it and the two destroyers, too, were sunk.

At the same time Admiral Cunningham had ordered our own destroyers to come in and finish off the burning cruisers with torpedoes. *Havock*, a destroyer which had distinguished herself at Narvik, again made naval history by signalling to the flagship: "I am hanging on to the stern of the cruiser *Pola*. Shall I board her or blow her stern off with depth charges. I have no torpedoes left." Her commander was told to leave the cruiser to another destroyer which *did* have some torpedoes left!

On right—***Admiral Cunningham** ordered our destroyers to come in and finish off the burning cruisers with torpedoes. The British destroyer **Havock** was in the thick of the battle, hanging on the **Pola's** stern . . .*



On right—*Suddenly one of our destroyers, **Greyhound**, stabbed the darkness by switching a searchlight on the third Italian ship, the 8-in. gun cruiser **Fiume**. The **Warspite's** guns opened fire from only two miles*

On left—*The whole broadside struck the **Fiume** with devastating effect. From foremost funnel to after gun-turret the **Fiume** burst into a mass of red flames . . .*

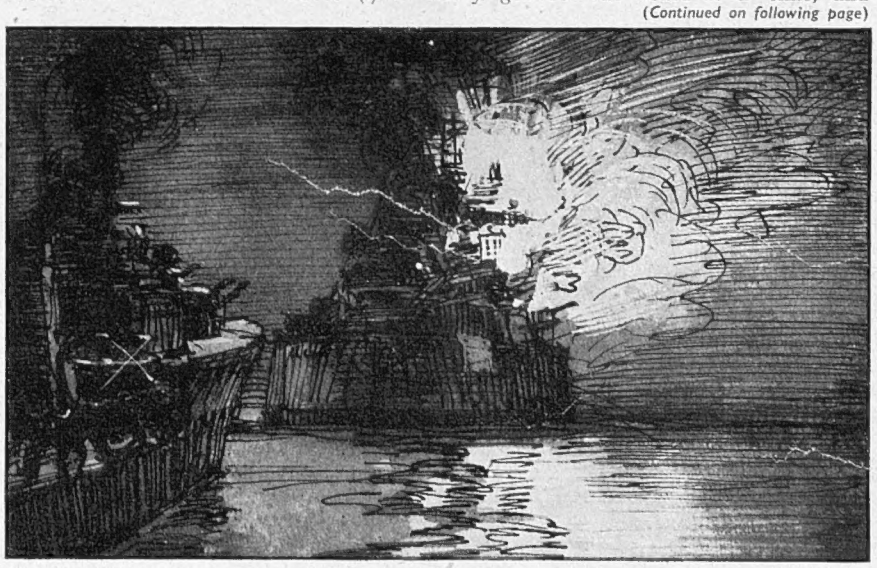
On right—*At least seven 15-in. shells hit her together and she completely disintegrated in one burst of flame. The after turret was blown clean over the side . . .*

On left—*While the **Battle Fleet** was in action our searchlights illuminated two enemy destroyers. They fired torpedoes—our men saw the tracks in the darkness—but our ships had turned in time, and the battleships opened fire. The destroyers quickly laid a smoke-screen, but we continued to pound them through it and two were sunk . . .*

THE CO-OPERATION OF THE GREEK NAVY

It appears probable that during the night the Littorio-class battleship became heavily engaged with her own forces (!) as heavy gunfire was heard at a time, and

(Continued on following page)



ITALIAN VESSELS at MATAPAN

Of the twenty-eight enemy ships known to have been present, these have actually been identified and named

LITTORIO class: 35,000-ton battleship—thought by some to be the *Vittorio Veneto*, although Admiral Cunningham does not share this view. Built in 1940. Complement 1,600. Mounts 15-in. guns

ZARA: 10,000-ton heavy cruiser. Built in 1931. Complement 705. Mounts 8-in. guns. Flagship of Admiral Cantoni at Matapan

FIUME: 10,000-ton heavy cruiser of the same class as the *Zara*. Built in 1931

POLA: 10,000-ton heavy cruiser of the same class as the *Zara*. Built in 1932

GIOVANNI DELLE BANDE NERE: 5,069-ton cruiser of the Condottieri class. Built in 1931. Mounts 6-in. guns. Complement 500

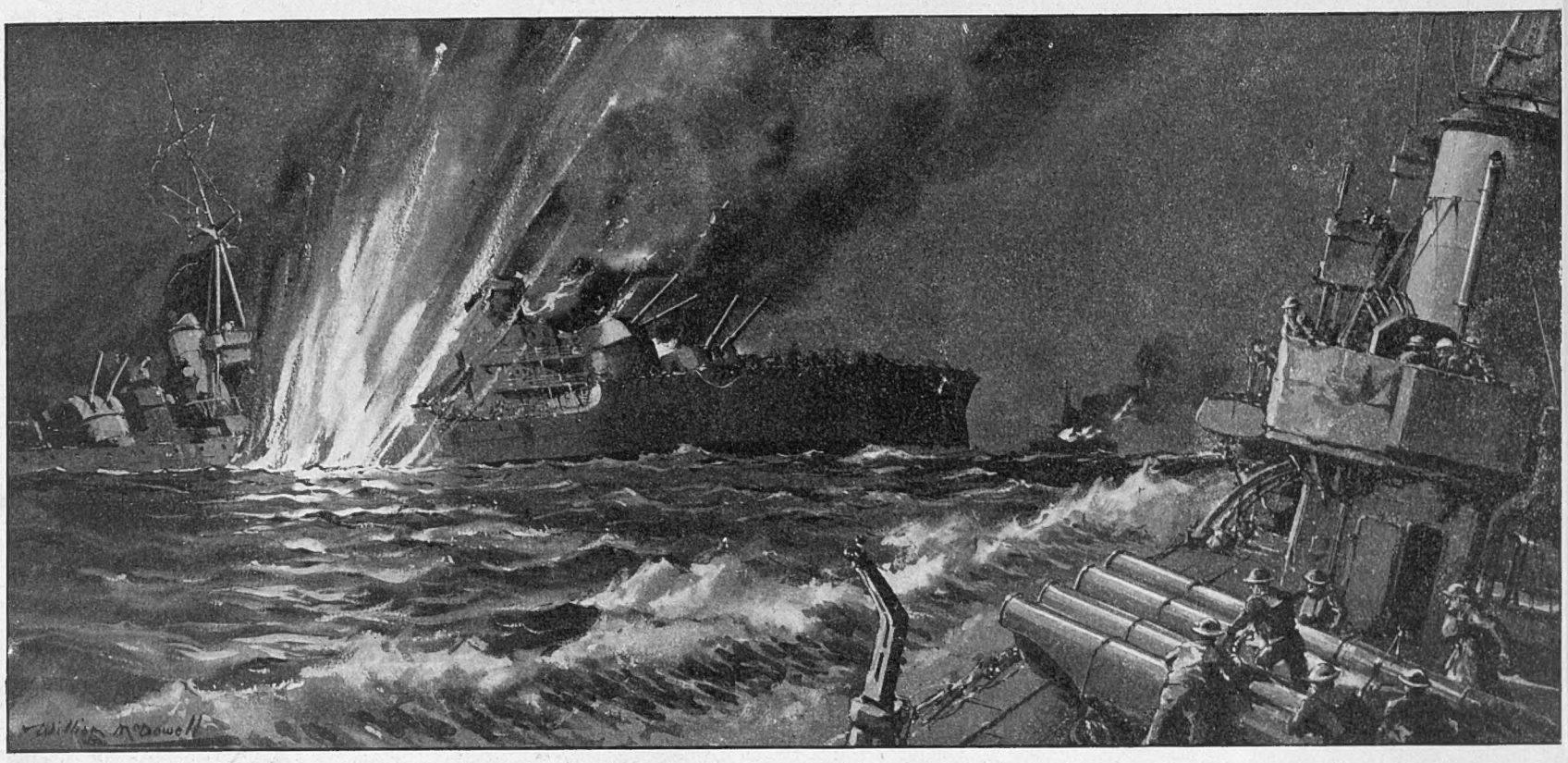
COLLEONE class: Smaller cruiser (one of this class was sunk by H.M.A.S. *Sydney* off Crete in July 1940)

ALFIERI: 1,729-ton destroyer. Built in 1936. Complement 157. Of the Oriani class

VINCENZO GIOBERTI: 1,729-ton destroyer. Also built in 1936 and of the same class as the *Alfieri*

MAESTRALE: 1,449-ton destroyer. Built in 1934. Complement 153. Of the Grecale class

GRADISCA: Hospital ship, based at Taranto



After the **Havock** *had hung on to the stern of the* **Pola** *and asked whether she should board or drop depth-charges, her commander was told to relinquish his "prize" to another destroyer which could finish her off with torpedoes. Here the Italian cruiser is seen going to her doom . . .*

THE BATTLE OFF CAPE MATAPAN
(cont.)

from a direction, which made it impossible for any of our forces to be engaged.

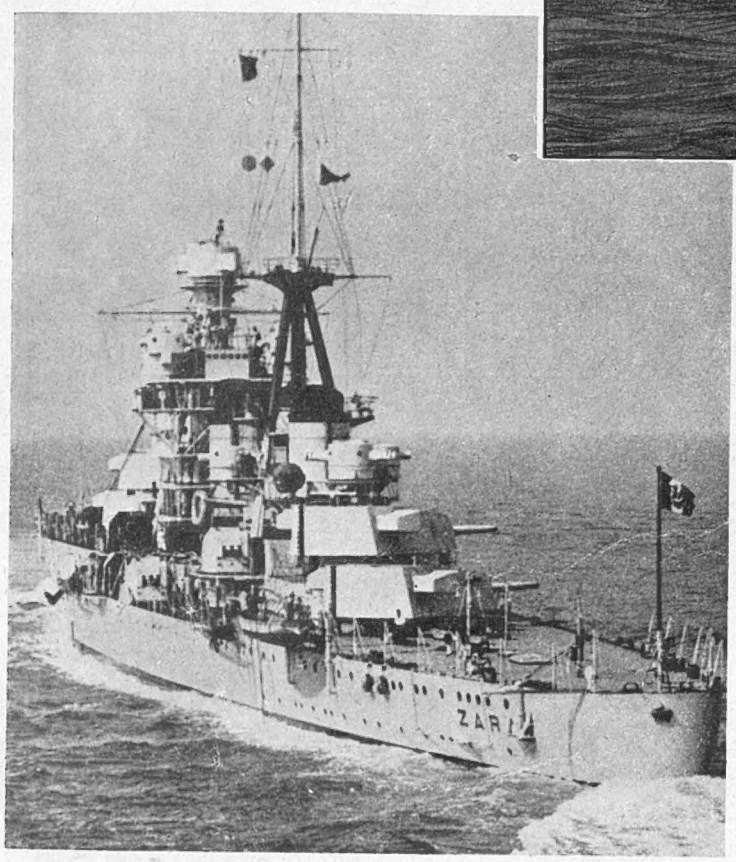
As soon as it became possible that a fleet action might take place, a force of Greek destroyers steamed out to the westward in the hope of intercepting enemy forces endeavouring to escape into the Adriatic. Unfortunately, the line of the enemy retreat did not give them an opportunity to attack.

Extensive air search next morning failed to disclose any of the remaining Italian ships, who must have made their escape under cover of darkness—or have gone to the bottom.

THE ITALIAN NAVAL LOSSES

The results of this action, so far as is *definitely* known at the moment of writing, are that the heavy cruisers *Zara*, *Pola* and *Fiume* were sunk; one 6-in. gun cruiser of the *Colleone* class was probably sunk; the large Italian destroyer *Vincenzo Gioberti* and the destroyer *Maestrale* were sunk; and the large destroyer *Alfieri* was probably sunk. The new battleship of the Littorio class sustained serious under-water damage, and other enemy units were also certainly damaged.

Below—*The 10,000-ton Italian cruiser* **Zara**—*one of the enemy cruisers sunk in the action*



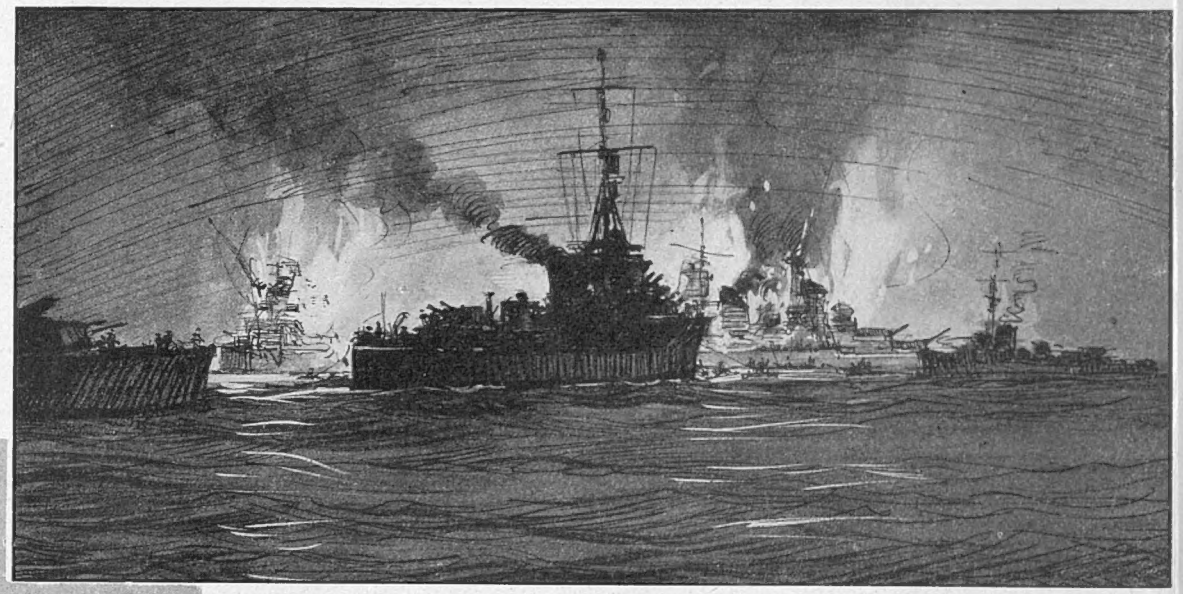
None of our ships sustained either damage or casualties. The total British loss during these operations was one naval aircraft.

THE LESSONS OF MATAPAN

There are four principal things in connection with the action off Matapan:

1. It is the first naval action to be fought at night since the Battle of Jutland.

2. The amazing gunnery of the British battleships and the almost instantaneous effect of our broadsides on the enemy's cruisers.



Approaching the **Pola**, *the* **Jervis** *saw that her guns were still facing fore and aft. The cruiser had not struck her flag, but she had hung out a large white sheet over the quarter-deck rail and the crew were drawn up on the quarter-deck, apparently ready to surrender. They were taken off later . . .*

3. The wonderful manner in which the aircraft carried in *Formidable* co-operated in the naval actions.

4. The almost ludicrous gunnery of the Italians, who were not able to score a single hit on a single British vessel.

"These highly successful engagements in the Mediterranean," states the Admiralty's own report, "can be accounted historic for two reasons. It is the first occasion in history in which skilful co-ordination of naval operations with attacks launched by aircraft have resulted in the enemy's speed being reduced and our main units being able to force action upon a reluctant enemy. It is also the first occasion in naval history in which such severe losses have been imposed upon the enemy while our own forces were completely unscathed.

THE ITALIAN SURVIVORS

On the following day, March 29, some 55 officers and 850 men from the Italian vessels which had been sunk were picked up by our forces and by Greek destroyers which were actively co-operating. Some thousands of Italian officers and seamen were lost. In naval circles in Alexandria it is now believed (although, of course, there can be no certainty of this) that Italy *may* have lost a total of 13 ships—4 cruisers and 3 destroyers, the heavily-damaged Littorio-class battleship, 2 more cruisers and a further 3 destroyers. The Admiralty, however, do not claim this number, which is, quite unofficially, based on an analysis of the reports of all the Navy, Fleet Air Arm and R.A.F. units which took part in the action.

The survivors included Captain Despini, of the *Pola*. Admiral Cantoni, commanding the Italian Heavy-cruiser Squadron, is thought to have been lost in the *Zara*. Amongst the survivors are a number of German personnel, thought to have been introduced into the Italian Navy for "stiffening" and for technical reasons. Some hundreds more survivors could have been picked up by the Allied Forces had not the life-saving operations of our ships been interrupted by dive-bombing attacks delivered by the German Air Force. These dive-bombing attacks, although ineffective, caused the abandonment of our rescue operations.

One Ju. 88, was shot down during these attacks. One Ju. 88 which had attempted to interfere with our operations on the previous day, had also been shot down.

THE BOMBING BY THE GERMANS

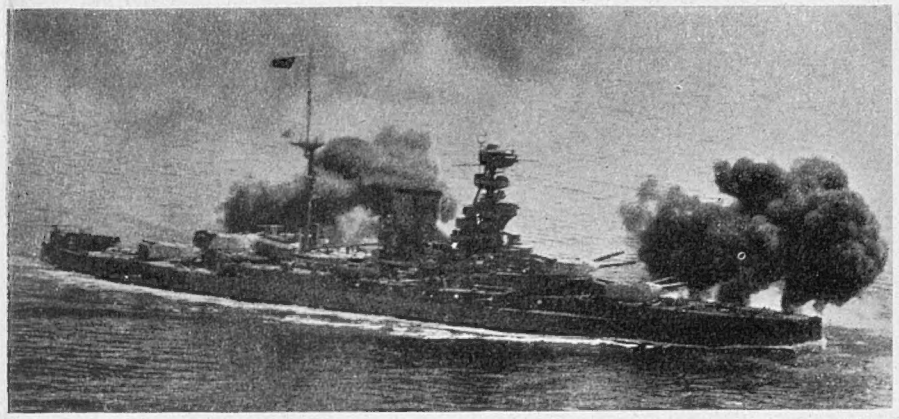
When the Commander-in-Chief reluctantly decided to abandon the rescue of Italian seamen in order to avoid exposing his ships (and, incidentally, the Italian survivors) to danger from the German aircraft, he made a signal *en clair* to the Chief of the Italian Naval Staff, stating that over 350 Italian

survivors were believed to be on rafts, giving their positions and stating that a fast hospital ship would be needed to pick up such survivors as he had been unable to rescue.

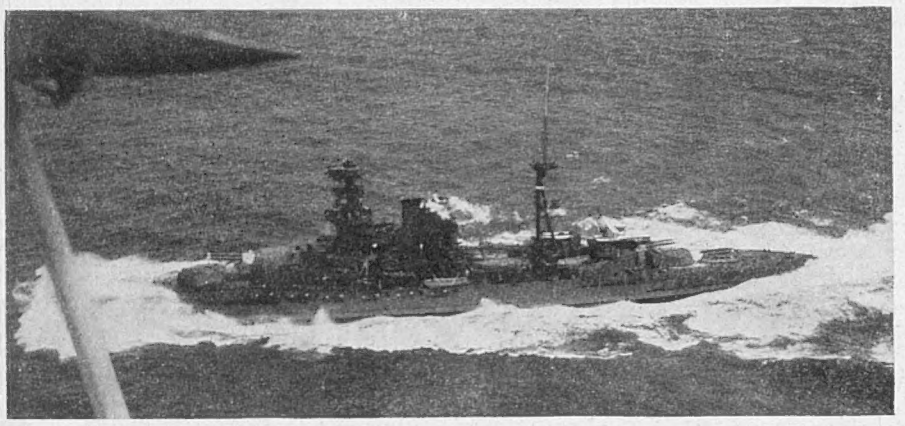
The C.-in-C. received the following reply from the Commander-in-Chief of the Italian Navy: "Thank you for your communication. Hospital ship *Gradisca* already left Taranto yesterday evening at 17.00 hours." The Italians still have better manners than their Axis partners, evidently!

The Commander-in-Chief has made a signal thanking the Greek Navy for its very prompt and valuable co-operation. Subsequent reconnaissance by British aircraft over the scene of the encounter revealed masses of wreckage still drifting on the surface of the sea—evidence (if such were needed, indeed) of the grievous losses suffered by the Italians.

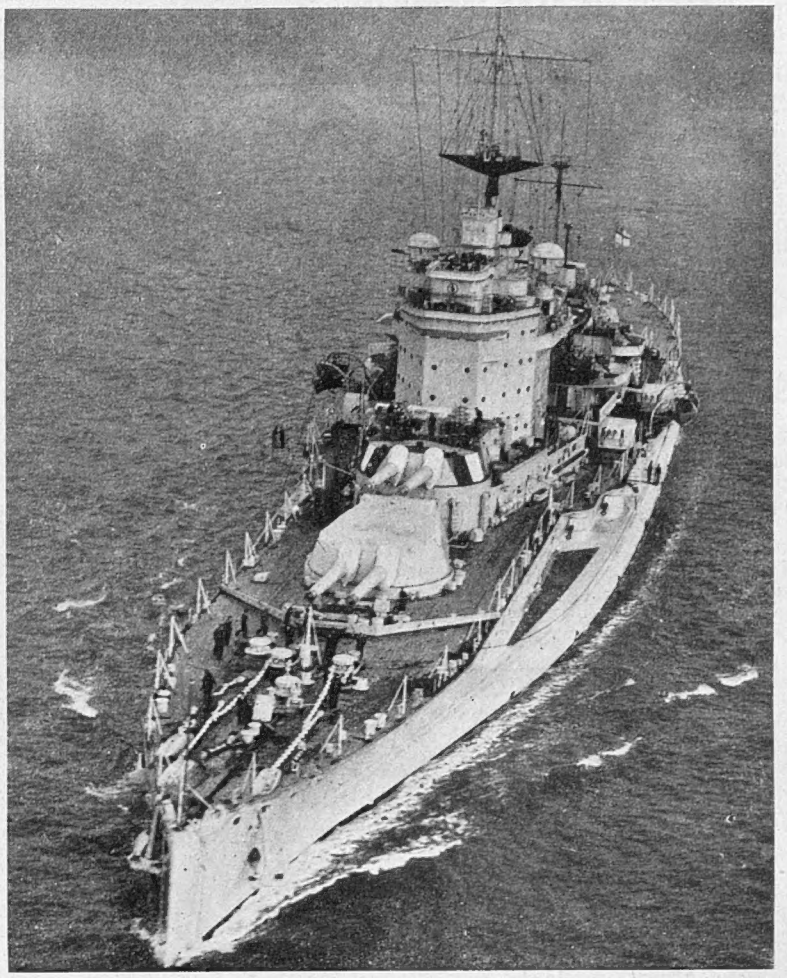
darkness: but *Warspite*, *Valiant* and *Barham* blew the opposing light craft clean out of the water with a few crashing broadsides. When firing at close range in a night action, it has been stated, only one ship fires—and that is the ship which fires first! The weeks and months of hard training and ceaseless patrolling of the Inland Sea had brought our crews to a fine pitch of perfection and given the eyes which enabled them to see the enemy before they were



H.M.S. ***Valiant,*** *15-in.-gun battleship, firing one of her tremendous broadsides. She was one of the three battleships with Cunningham's main Battle Fleet at Matapan*



An aerial view of H.M.S. ***Barham,*** *15-in.-gun battleship*



The flagship of Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, the gallant old ***Warspite*** *a 15-in.-gun battleship, which fought at Jutland and at Narvik*

THE FORCES ENGAGED

The forces engaged in the operation—as announced by the Admiralty—were as follows:

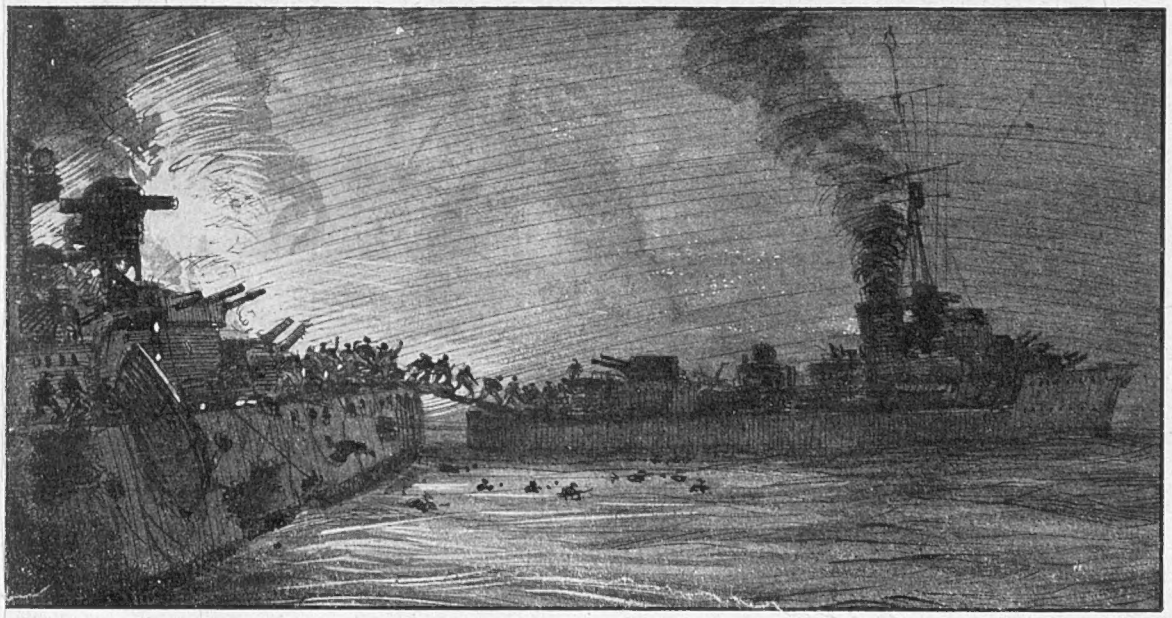
British: 3 battleships; one aircraft-carrier; four cruisers; and destroyers.

Greek: Some destroyers.

Italian: 3 battleships; 11 cruisers; 14 destroyers.

THE STORY OF THE GALLANT "HAVOCK" AND "JERVIS"

The little destroyer *Havock* is commanded by Lieut.-Commander Watkins: she took part at Narvik and many of her present complement must have been with her on that occasion. During the night, "when the blackness around him was being lit up with the blinding flashes of our broadsides," her commander suggested that as he was hanging



The ***Pola's*** *private papers and the ship's books were already burning beneath the after-turret as a gang-plank was thrown across between the quarter-decks of the* ***Pola*** *and the* ***Jervis.*** *The Italian crew then clambered aboard the British ship . . .*

SIDELIGHTS on the MATAPAN BATTLE

Some Interesting Details at Greater Length

First, and most important, this is the first naval encounter to take place at night since Jutland.

In naval circles it is considered very risky to expose big battleships to destroyer and cruiser attack in the

on the stern of the *Pola* he might board the latter or destroy her with depth-charges.

But the C.-in-C. thought otherwise: *Havock* was told to relinquish her prey and the *Jervis*, Flotilla Leader was sent in to finish off the *Pola*. *Jervis* approached the Italian cruiser broadside on, for the latter "could not fire her big guns except straight forward and aft. The electric current necessary for turning the turrets had been put out of action by a Fleet Air Arm bomb which burst in her engine room." An improvised gangplank was finally laid between the quarter-decks of the *Pola* and *Jervis*, and down it walked twenty-two Italian officers and 236 ratings into safety—and captivity.

themselves seen. Despite that the Italians use German optical instruments in their warships, they are not adepts at fighting their ships by night; whereas the Mediterranean Fleet have had much hard practice at this.

SOME OF THE VESSELS IN ACTION

Chief honours must, of course, be accorded to Admiral Cunningham's flagship, H.M.S. *Warspite*. This 30,000-ton battleship cost the nation two and a half millions to build: a few years ago she cost almost another two and a half millions to reconstruct. But she has well repaid this outlay. She is armed with eight 15-in., eight 6-in. and eight 4-in. anti-aircraft guns. There are four aircraft carried aboard and these are launched by catapult. Her complement is more than 1,100.

At Jutland *Warspite's* steering was damaged, and she turned two complete circles in front of the Germans: in consequence, she was badly hit but managed to get home safely. In 1928 she struck an obstruction in the Ægean; and in 1931 she collided with *Malaya* at Gibraltar. After her overhaul at Portsmouth in 1934, she emerged as one of the world's modern fighting ships.

Valiant is one of the most powerful battleships of the Mediterranean Fleet. She played a major role in the destruction of two of Italy's prize cruisers at Matapan—the *Fiume* and *Zara*, into which she poured nearly 40 tons of shells. With the two previous vessels was the third battleship—H.M.S. *Barham*.

The Littorio-class battleship of the Italians is thought by some of the officers who took part in the action to be the *Vittorio Veneto*. Although Captain Despini, who commanded the Italian cruiser *Pola*, stated that this was so, Admiral Cunningham gave it as his opinion that it was another vessel. If the Italian *was* the *Vittorio Veneto*, she was then "the first ship worthy of the Empire" according to one enthusiastic Italian journalist at her launch in July 1937. She was the first of her class built by Italy: she displaces 35,000 tons, and took three years to build. Nine 15-in. guns are mounted in three triple turrets; and there are also twelve 6-in. guns. Her speed is her main characteristic—she is capable of over 30 knots, and is one of the fastest capital ships in the world. Of course, this is obtained only by fitting her with lighter armour.

A FEW OF THE BRITISH OFFICERS

Amongst the commanders at Matapan Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham and Vice-Admiral Pridham-Wippell were in *Warspite* and *Orion* respectively: there is no need to tell the high esteem in which both these officers are held throughout the Empire.

Captain Eric Morgan, of H.M.S. *Valiant*, is a descendant of the celebrated Welsh buccaneer of earlier days, Sir Henry Morgan. With him in the same vessel and operating the searchlight control was Prince Philip of Greece, first cousin of

(Continued on following page)

The BATTLE off CAPE MATAPAN

(*Concluded*)

King George of Greece: he was trained at Dartmouth and is now a nineteen-year-old midshipman in the Royal Navy.

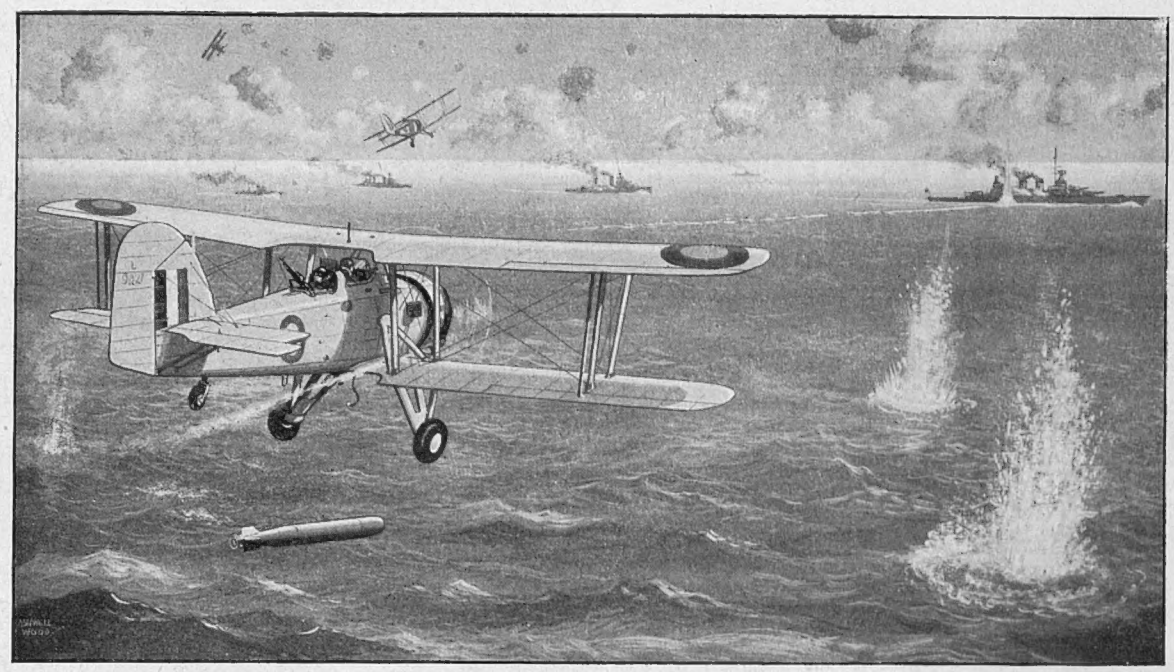
In command of *Formidable*, one of our latest aircraft-carriers, is Captain La T. Bissett; Rear-Admiral Denis Boyd was flying his flag in this vessel during the action.

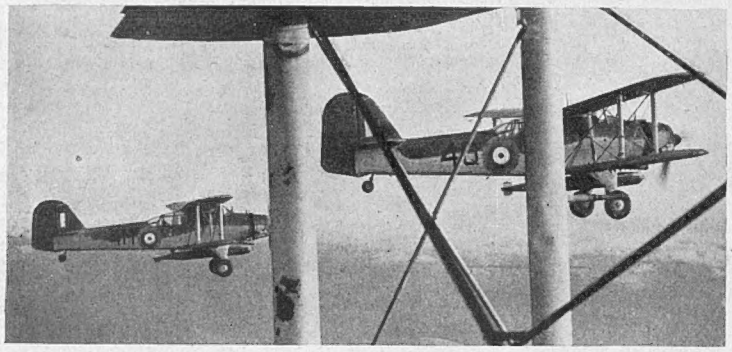
THE GUNNERY EFFECTS

Describing the battle, officers of the British Fleet likened it to "a shooting gallery," with the Italian warships little more than wooden ducks being picked off by expert gunnery. The Commander-in-Chief paid a very special tribute to the gunners at the end of the battle.

One officer on the bridge described how he actually *saw* two of the 15-in. shells from the Italian battleship pass overhead and plunge into the water only 15 yards away from his vessel.

Incidentally, the Gunnery Officer of the cruiser *Gloucester* has given a vivid picture of how his own vessel and *Orion*, *Ajax* and *Perth* (all 6-in.-gun cruisers) maintained contact with the first enemy squadron throughout the famous day of victory—





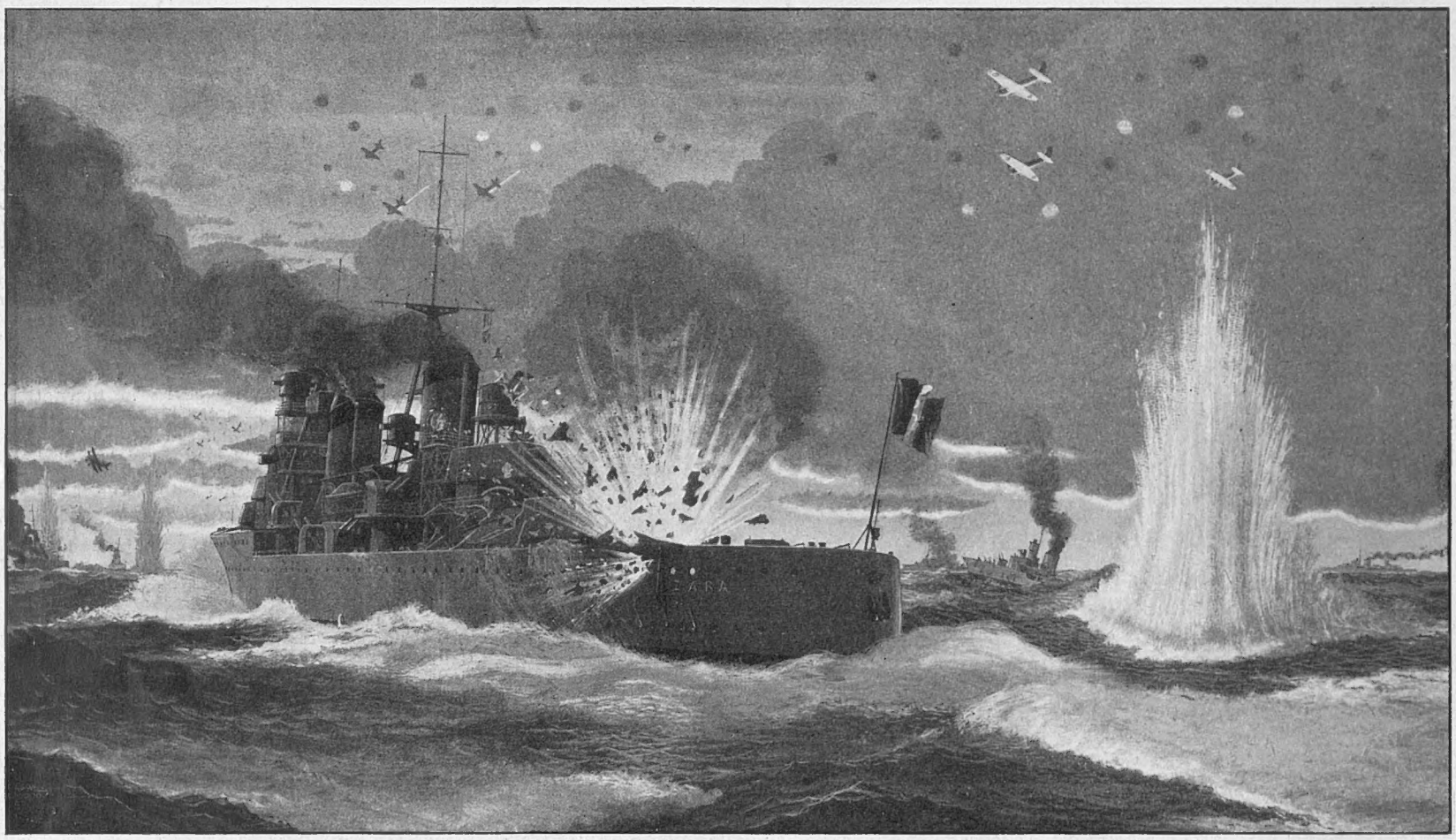
The ***Fleet Air Arm*** *making a torpedo-dropping attack on units of the Italian Fleet. The aircraft employed were probably Swordfish. "It is the first occasion in history," says* ***Admiral Cunningham,*** *"in which skilful co-ordination of naval operations with attacks launched by aircraft have resulted in the enemy's speed being reduced and our main units being able to force action upon a reluctant enemy" . . .* On left—*One of the latest types of torpedo-dropper used by the Navy—the* ***Fairey Albacore***

and her attendant cruisers and destroyers, successfully adopted masterly feint tactics which enabled individual planes to nip in and launch their torpedoes.

"I want," said Admiral Boyd, "to emphasise the amazing courage of our pilots. They must have pressed home their attacks fiercely, especially in view of the fact that it was broad daylight and the enemy ship was awake to the menace of them." And Captain Bissett added the interesting comment that these pilots had already been out on the early-morning search which had located the Italian squadron.

From R.A.F. Headquarters at Cairo comes a bulletin which adds to our knowledge of the air action from the lips of pilots themselves: the Squadron-Leader who led one attack said, for instance: "The weather was very hazy over the sea, but we soon found the Italian Navy in two groups steaming like billy-ho for home. They began to zigzag as soon as they saw us, and their anti-aircraft guns opened up. We made a dive attack and fairly plastered them. Pilots in my squadron registered hits on one big ship and we think other vessels must have been damaged or delayed by near misses."

A sergeant-pilot who scored two direct hits with heavy-calibre bombs on a very big ship said: "Though they changed formation and zigzagged quite a lot, we spent some time taking aim and made a low-level attack. I saw two of my biggest



Between 15.00 and 17.00 hours on March 28, ***Blenheim*** *bombers of the R.A.F. attacked the enemy with bombs. In these attacks it was claimed that two direct hits were scored on one cruiser, one direct hit on a destroyer, and two probable hits on another cruiser. From left to right here are the* ***Pola,*** *the Littorio-class battleship (in the far distance), the* ***Zara,*** *the destroyer* **Maestrale,** *the* ***Vincenzo Gioberti*** *and the* ***Orion*** *(on extreme right)*

March 28. "The Italian battleship's bow wave was so huge that it could be seen even when the ship herself was hull down on the horizon."

THE PART PLAYED BY AIRCRAFT

Admiral Cunningham has himself paid the very highest tribute to the Fleet Air Arm and R.A.F. pilots engaged in the battle. Here are some facts given by Rear-Admiral Boyd, in command of the flying operations, who flew his flag in *Formidable* during the action; and by Captain Bissett, who was in command of the aircraft-carrier.

One young pilot put in nine hours of the most dangerous flying in the one day—an enormous feat.

Other pilots, driven off in their formation attacks by the fire from the Italian battleship

bombs hit the largest ship amidships. Clouds of black and yellow smoke issued from her for a long time and then she stopped."

It is no secret that to hit a warship travelling at high speed is one of the most difficult bombing feats there is. The sergeant-pilot said: "It was a hefty, but agreeable, surprise when I saw those bombs hit the ship in just the place aimed for, right amidships. At first there was a normal white smoke of the bomb bursts, and then columns of black and yellow smoke shot into the air to about two hundred feet. For fifteen minutes after we made off, the rear gunner had a good view of the ship and gave us a running commentary. She had stopped, and he thought she had started listing before he lost sight of her."

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THE HARBOUR OF SPLIT (SPALATO OF FORMER DAYS) SEEN FROM A NEIGHBOURING HILL: Split has a busy local harbour partly enclosed by the town itself, but behind the promontory on which the town is situated lies a wide expanse of water protected from the sea by Solta Island. On the shore to the north lies Trojir (Trau), a good example of the fascinating townlets which dot this coast. Spalato itself is famous for the remains of Diocletian's palace, into which many houses have been built

YUGO-SLAVIA

The Country of Brave and Free Men, which has "Found its Soul"

—A Special "Sphere" Section

THE Triune Kingdom of Yugoslavia has been described as an *olla-podrida* of many races. Within its borders are to be found Serbs, Montenegrins, Slovenes, Slavonians, Macedonians, Hungarians, Germans, Italians, Bosnians and Dalmatians. It is over this exotic mixture that young King Peter II has been called to rule.

Even in ordinary times, without the threat of immediate invasion, the task is one to daunt a trained politician, as the past has shown. At first sight, for a lad of seventeen to undertake the task seems monstrous. But other monarchs have ascended their thrones at an equally tender age, and with good advisers at home and abroad have made good. The prayers of the freedom-loving world are with him.

Above—**IN ONE OF THE FIORDS OF CATTARO (KOTOR) HARBOUR:** This great harbour is full of the most delightful scenery. These two islets are off Perast, a pretty collection of houses facing the entrance known as the Catine

On left—**BUDVA, A LITTLE ADRIATIC TOWN WITH A GREAT HISTORY:** The picturesqueness of the setting of Budva is almost unbelievable. In 1442 it was a Venetian possession, but it was taken by the Turks in 1569

THE SHORE ROAD WHICH LINKS THE TOWNS AND VILLAGES OF THE ADRIATIC COAST: A very good idea of how the shore road has been cut out of the side of the hills can be gained from this view of Trsteno, which lies a little to the north of Dubrovnik

ONE OF THE YUGOSLAV NAVAL BASES: The harbour of Sebenik is a gay little town. It is one of the three principal bases on the Adriatic; and would be of great strategic value should war come to Yugoslavia. The Yugoslav Navy is not large; but, as the Greeks have demonstrated, excellent work can be done against a much better-armed enemy if the sailors are unafraid and determined to fight it out

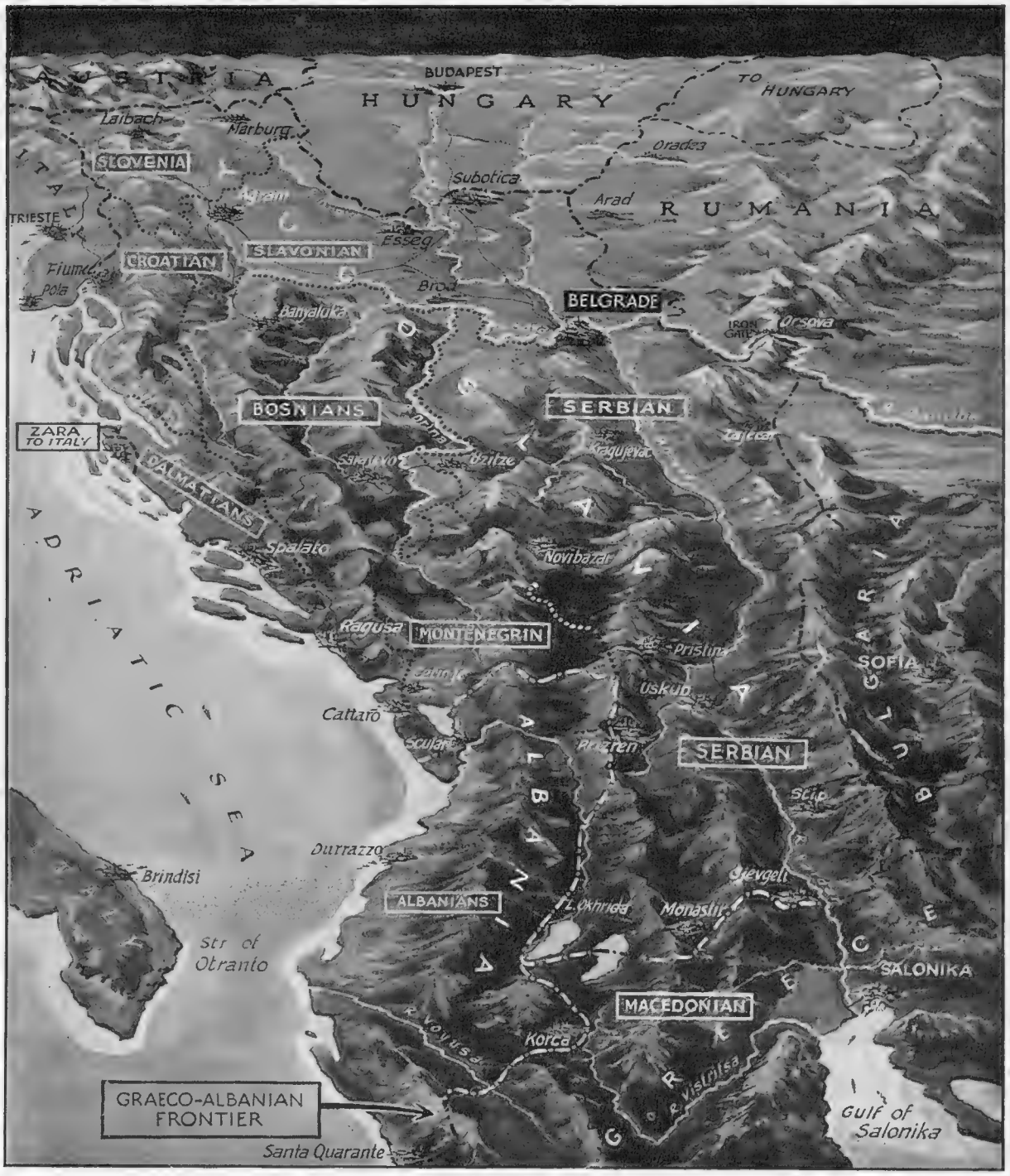
Perhaps, in dealing with the numerous races comprised in his kingdom, Peter will have an advantage due to his youth. He will not be saddled with the recriminations for unhappy events which have preceded his accession. He himself has already taken great interest in the many vital and thorny questions which have so far made his country triune only in name. At his elbow native advisers, men of courage steeled in the furnace of battle, are on his side. Abroad he knows he has good and faithful friends to help him should necessity arise.

Sitting in an old English cottage listening to everything that comes over the radio from and about Yugoslavia is his mother. She has no mistaken idea about her son, and believes that not only will he defend his country but will be able to harmonise the discordant elements there. (*Cont. on following page*)

ZUSAK, THE YUGOSLAVIAN PORT WHICH FRONTS ON FIUME: The incomprehensible (some say lunatic) D'Annunzio attacked the port of Fiume soon after the cessation of hostilities in the last war; and shortly afterwards it was annexed by Italy. The stubborn Yugoslavs, however, held on to Zusak—almost a suburb of the once great Austrian naval base—and constructed a harbour there, which to-day is the largest in Yugoslavia. The bridge connecting Zusak with Fiume has been mined, in case of war between the two countries

THE ADRIATIC COASTLINE OF YUGOSLAVIA, WHE

The eastern shore of the Adriatic is studded with natural harbours the Italian coast on the western side of the sea is equally bare assistance on the part of nature. The view given above sho southern stretch of the Yugoslavian coast from where it touch northern frontier of Albania. The whole of this part of the c a mass of bare limestone hills, with patches of luxuriant verti the valleys and around the sheltered bays. Its outstanding feat regards the present situation are the natural inlets, bays, and which break the great limestone wall. The biggest of these harbours is the one leading to Cattaro, or Kotor as it is now



HOW THE YUGOSLAV NATION IS COMPOSED OF DIFFERENT ELEMENTS

The modern State of Yugoslavia is composed of a number of different geographical entities. At the end of the last war the two kingdoms of Servia and Montenegro were fused, and portions of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire were also incorporated in the new kingdom, Belgrade originally stood on the actual frontier; to-day it is partially protected by a portion of Hungary. Throughout the country the various national elements still remain strong—in Serbia and Croatia especially. In the above map the ethnographic divisions of Yugoslavia are clearly indicated—the chief elements being Serbian, Montenegrin, Bosnian, Croatian, Slavonian and Slovene. There is, of course, still a strong Moslem admixture in certain parts of the country. The population of the triune kingdom is roughly 16,000,000: but, without exception, it includes some of the toughest people in modern Europe. King Peter to-day has under his rule the majority of the Southern Slavs who, in the early years of the present century, were living under six different governments

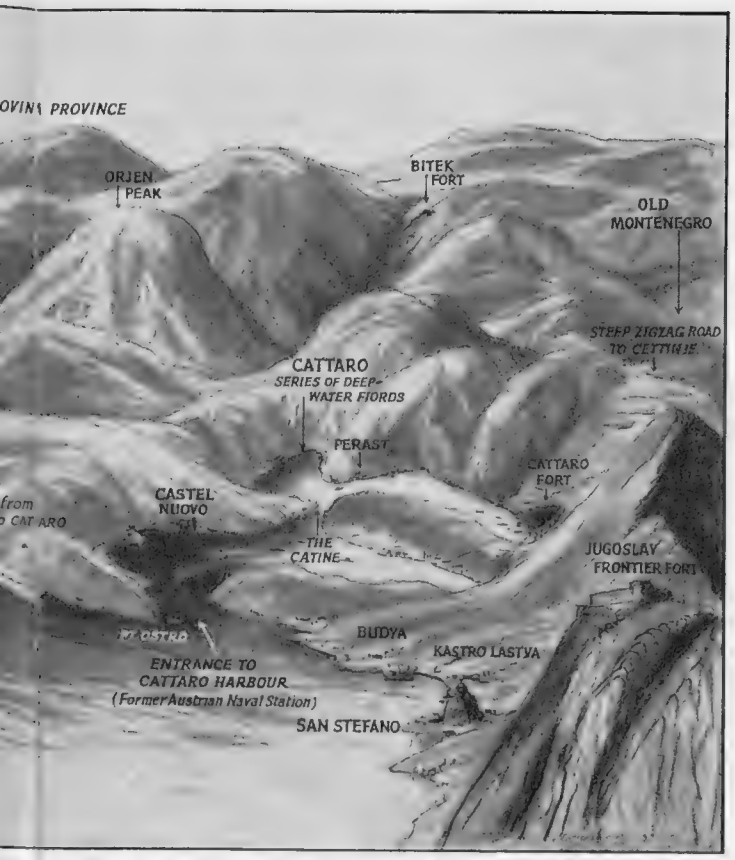
(Continued from preceding page)

She thinks that Peter may have inherited some of the political flair of her own mother, Marie of Rumania, and that when the crisis is passed, whether it may be peace or war, he will devote himself to the good of all his peoples irrespective of race or religion.

To my mind, there is one thing to be said for Peter. He has a mechanical turn of mind History shows that kings who have had this trend have been good kings for their countries. Peter the Great is an outstanding example. Just as they want to know how the wheels work, so they want to know how the minds of their people work. They are more receptive to ideas than are those who are trained merely as kings.

In appointing General Richard Dusan Simovitch as Premier, Peter has accepted the inevitable, though probably it is to his own liking. As a Karageorgevic, he knows that love of his country must be his first aim. Every Karageorgevic has put his country first, risking the gallows for that ideal. General Simovitch also holds that ideal very strongly. When things were very

TYPICAL SCENERY IN THE YUGOSLAVIAN INTERIOR: Narenta at Mostir, a town in th



A, WHERE HER NAVAL HARBOURS FACE THE EASTERN SHORES OF ITALY

harbours, while ally bare of any bove shows the it touches the of the coast is iant fertility in ding features as ays, and fiords f these natural is now called by the Yugoslavians. This series of fiords would provide ample room for a big navy to float at ease. The inner entrance—the Catine—is narrow and could easily be protected by boom devices. There is a good protected harbour at Gravosa, the port of Dubrovnik, the old Ragusa, once famous as the chief city of an independent Mediterranean republic. Northward of this harbour are a seemingly endless succession of protected waterways which present ideal cover for adventurous craft. The region round Lessina is typical. Immediately northward of the view are the harbours of Spalato (Split), Sebenik and Pola

THE CAPITAL OF MONTENEGRO, CETINJE : At the outbreak of the Great War of 1914-1918 Montenegro was a separate kingdom under the rule of King Nicholas. His capital lay in the midst of a jumble of mountains, and here he maintained an almost medieval court. To-day, Cetinje has been greatly modernised and is an important Yugoslavian centre : it will prove a rallying centre in the event of war

bad in the last war, and the White Hand Society was formed to dispose of the remnants of the Black Hand responsible for the palace murders of 1903, in the hopes that Serbia might by the generosity of the Central Powers be allowed to live as a separate body, he refused to join it. He believed that Serbia must survive and that Austria would be the victim. He was right. On the reconstruction of the State, he devoted himself heart and soul to his military duties and took no part in politics. He became head of the Air Force and instilled into all his men love of country. They are devoted to him. It was for this reason that he chose them to carry out the *coup d'état* last week. He himself had to leave the force he had trained and become a Corps commander. Now he is Premier, devoted as ever, and as full of faith as he was in 1915, when he and so many others had to abandon their country and take refuge abroad.

With the Premier as his chief assistant is Dr. Vladimir Macek, the Croat leader, probably the most popular man in Yugoslavia. When, in 1937, after years in prison and again rebuffed by the Regents and the semi-dictator Government, he was invited to Belgrade, his journey from Zagreb was a triumphal procession. The police had been ordered to crush any enthusiasm, machine-guns were mounted to sweep the streets. But when the police saw the crowd they realised that to carry out their orders meant wholesale massacre and gracefully withdrew. Macek is incorruptible, a lover of the peasants, narrow certainly, a lawyer by profession, but yet firmly believes that right will prevail.

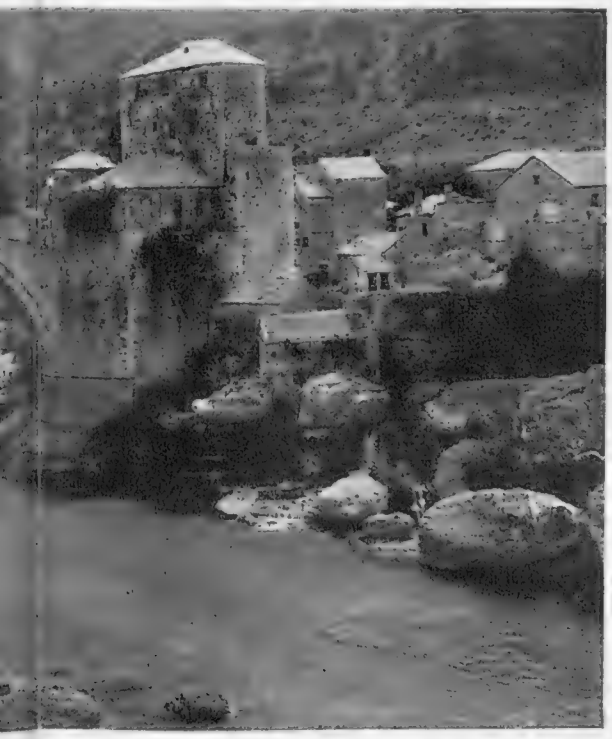
Macek is the last of a series of great Croat leaders. He inherited a most difficult problem which should never have arisen. When Pasic, the Premier of King Peter I, signed the Declaration of Corfu in July 1917 with Dr. Trumbic, the Croat leader, in favour of a united democratic and parliamentary triune kingdom, he gave Trumbic to believe that the lands of the Dual Monarchy to be incorporated in the new State would be autonomous. A year later Pasic double-crossed Trumbic, and in a hurried meeting at Belgrade in December 1918 had passed a special declaration placing all authority in the hands of the Prince Regent, later Alexander I. Thus began the Croatian question.

No real attempt was made to settle it until three years after the murder of Alexander. Meanwhile, Trumbic had died and was succeeded by Stepan Radic, the founder of the Croat Peasant Party. He was shot in the Skuptchina in June 1928, and Macek succeeded to the leadership. The next year Alexander inaugurated his own dictatorship and promptly threw Macek into prison. He remained there until the King was murdered by Vlaka the Chauffeur, a member of I.M.R.O., the Macedonian revolutionary society, but

(Continued on following page)

SARAJEVO IN BOSNIA—TOWN OF TRAGIC MEMORIES : It was here that the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria was murdered in 1914, and thus the Great War had its origins. On the wall on the left is a tablet in commemoration of the assassination. In the recent bloodless revolution, riots in protest against the signing of the Tripartite Pact took place here

TYPES OF SLAV PEASANTS IN CONVERSATION IN A STREET IN SARAJEVO : These men are amongst the hardiest and toughest fighters in Europe, as their record in the Balkan Wars and in the 1914-1918 War demonstrates. Mountaineers, sheep-herders and farmers, they would provide strong opposition to any invaders of their rugged homeland



RIOR : A view of the picturesque Roman bridge over the vn in the Moslem province near Dubrovnik

QUEEN MARIE OF YUGOSLAVIA IN HER HUNTINGDON HOME : King Peter's mother is the daughter of the late Queen Marie of Rumania and brother of ex-King Carol. She now lives in England in a sixteenth-century cottage in Huntingdonshire, which she shares with an English friend. The Queen-Mother intends to return to Yugoslavia shortly with her two other sons, who are at school here

(*Continued from preceding page*)

he was also a member of the Croat terrorist society, "Ustaka," headed by the notorious Dr. Pavelic.

It now seemed inevitable that the dissolution of Yugoslavia would follow. Toasts were drunk in Zagreb to the murdered. Hatred rankled between sections of the races. But the unforeseen happened. Professor Dragulbub Jovanovic, leader of the Serb Left Wing Peasant Party, a simple, modest man, proposed a truce. From that time things began to improve in the country.

International events soon forced the Government to concede the greater part of the Croat programme. It was shown that Stoyadinovic was playing the Axis game, and he was dismissed from office and handed over to the British authorities. M. Cvetkovic soon came to terms with Macek, but Paul remained obdurate and cancelled the agreement between the two leaders. Finally, with the outbreak of war, Paul had to yield, and Macek became Vice-Premier and had several ministries put at his disposal. But the Croats are not pro-German. Macek told me himself in 1936 that the danger to his country came from the Axis, and that he wanted the Croat question settled that the country might fight this danger from the north. It is to be remembered that, if Yugoslavia goes to war against the Axis, Croatia will be almost the first part to be overrun. The defence must be concentrated on the central mountain barrier and on the eastern frontier.

The German minority in Yugoslavia numbers just over half a million, to be found mostly in the Voivodina and Croatia-Slavonia. It was only after the Saar plebiscite that the Third Reich began to put into practice in the country her regular policy of commercial and cultural infiltration. The 54 million dinars invested by Germany in Yugoslavia in 1936 had grown to 1,500 million dinars by March 1939. Gold, chrome, lead, antimony and copper mines have been bought up. Oil borings have been successfully carried through in Northern Croatia. The international telephone service is in the hands of Siemens. In Slovenia practically all the land along the road to Trieste has been acquired. In Slavonia enormous properties have been bought along the banks of the Danube, the Drava and the Sava, all forming part of a strategical plan containing inside it the main lines of communication between Vienna and Budapest with Belgrade.

The fighting qualities of the peoples of Yugoslavia are high. Everyone will remember the epic fight of the Serbs in 1914-18, and the Croatians fighting against the Italians on the Carso and the Grappa were among the best of the Austrian troops. If forced into war, both Croats and Serbs will give of their best. The Army is composed of sixteen divisions of infantry, three divisions of cavalry and thirty-three regiments of artillery. It is short of mechanised units. It is estimated that ultimately a million and a half of fighting men can be put into the field, but this would not be possible for some little time, as there is not equipment and arms for more than about half that number. In the air Yugoslavia is better served than the other Balkan States. She has an Air Force of eight regiments composed of twenty-eight squadrons, and along the coast seven squadrons attached to the Navy. This total may have been increased in the last few months, as the aeroplane factory at Zemun has been working at full pressure, as has the large munition works at Krujevadz.

The planes in service include several Blenheim fighters and bombers supplied by Britain last year, as well as Heinkels and Dorniers bought in Germany.

J. A. Sinclair Pooley

HIS BEATITUDE THE SERB PATRIARCH GAVRILO, head of the Serbian Orthodox Church and one of the leaders of the revolt against Prince Paul, the pro-German Regent, who insisted on the signing of the Tripartite Pact

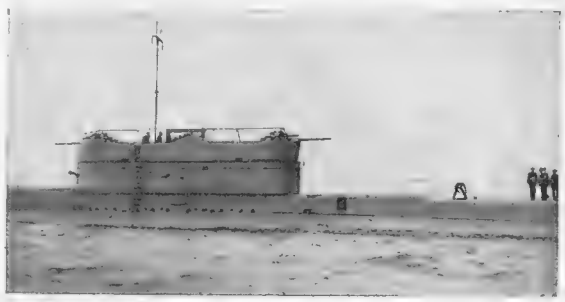
The YUGOSLAV NAVY

Small, but Good and Very Useful

THE Yugoslav Navy is, of course, quite a modern institution, for before the late war Serbia had no coastline and the Serbians were entirely a military people. The Treaty of Versailles, however, gave them quite a long coast, mostly at the expense of Austria-Hungary, and they immediately started a fleet on the basis of surrendered ships. These included several small torpedo-boats and river monitors designed for service on the Danube. Apart from a few fishermen and coastal sailors from what was formerly Montenegro, the personnel of the new fleet was drawn entirely from the old Austro-Hungarian Navy.

When the Fleet was well started, Yugoslavia bought from Germany six war-built minesweepers of the 330-ton type, with a speed of 15 knots, and fitted them with anti-aircraft guns and minelaying gear. Soon afterwards they bought the old German cruiser *Niobe*, built in 1899, and converted her into the training ship *Dalmacija*, reducing her armament so that there was no pretence of her being a fighting ship, but modernising her accommodation and fittings at a considerable cost. Prince Nicolas of Rumania, who had been partly trained in the Royal Navy, went back to his country with a keen enthusiasm for naval affairs, and aroused quite a lot of interest. Yugoslavia, with her seaboard and a troublesome neighbour, was not to be beaten by Rumania, and decided to build up a considerable fleet for defensive purposes. Not only was money produced for the new construction, but quite a number of men were willing to volunteer for naval service instead of the Army. When the present war broke out there were over a thousand commissioned officers on the active list and in the reserve, with some 6,500 petty officers and men. The great majority of the latter were on the active list, and most of the ships carry rather unusually large crews in order to give them all the training possible. Yugoslav ships have made a number of visits to British ports, both inside and outside the Mediterranean, and considering the youth of the service and the military traditions of the people, the crews have shown themselves to be particularly smart, and they are certainly as keen as mustard. The whole conception of their Navy is to protect their country from Italian aggression, and whatever the pro-Axis faction in the Army may be, there is no doubt about the very strong naval hatred of Italy and everything Italian. The Yugoslavs are very well supplied with bases for their Fleet along the rugged Dalmatian coast; and these should prove of great value in the event of war with Italy.

FLAGSHIP OF THE FLEET : The flotilla leader *Dubrovnik*, one of the finest ships of her type in the world. She was built in 1932 by Yarrow's : her standard displacement is 1880 tons, and she has a complement of 200

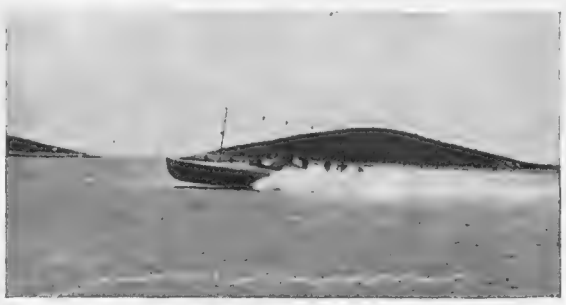


THE SUBMARINE "NEBOJSA" : Her name means "Dreadnought," and she is a modified version of our own L-boats. She has a complement of 45

A YUGOSLAV SAILOR of the hardy type for which this nation of fishermen and peasants is justly famed

The flagship of the Fleet is the flotilla leader *Dubrovnik*, built by Yarrow's in 1932 and one of the finest ships of her type in the world, with a displacement of 1880 tons, a speed of 37 knots, and a powerful armament of Skoda guns, in addition to being fitted for minelaying. A similar ship was laid down under Yarrow supervision at Split towards the end of 1938, but it is not definitely known how much progress was made with her. Three excellent, 38-knot, French-designed destroyers give her a suitable backing, two of them built at Split. The eight steam torpedo-boats are all old, prizes from the Austrian Navy, but there are some useful motor torpedo-boats, some British-built and some German, which have an excellent opportunity among the islands of the Adriatic coast. Two submarines were built in France, and two others in Britain from materials which had been collected for British ships of the L-type which were never built. Their names are translated as "Gallant" and "Dreadnought." Two more were laid down at Kiel shortly before the war broke out and have, without doubt, been added to the German Navy. Apart from these, the Fleet consists of very miscellaneous small craft, including the sail training-ship *Jadran*, a large yacht which has accommodation for 150 cadets under training. The Navy pays great attention to mining, and is very proficient in that branch.

F. Bowen



ONE OF THE FAST MOTOR TORPEDO-BOATS OF THE YUGOSLAV NAVY : There are two of these, the *Uskok* and *Cetnik*, each with a speed of 37-40 knots. They have a very useful radius of action of 800 miles

SOUTH AFRICA OVER ABYSSINIA and ERITREA

The "New Technique" Employed by the Daring South African Pilots in their Wrecking Operations Against Italian Aerodromes

A "GROUND STRAFE" OF AN ERITREAN AERODROME OCCUPIED BY THE ITALIANS: The new method of warfare enthusiastically adopted by a squadron of the South African Air Force

Wrecked Italian aircraft lie all over Eritrea on the enemy's aerodromes and in their hangars. This is the work of a squadron of South African pilots which has "accomplished a giant's task." The squadron has evolved a special technique of shooting through the hangar doors from a very low altitude, and pulling their fighters up over the roof just in time. Thousands of bullets have thus been fired off: seventeen thousand from one aircraft in one day is nothing unusual. It is by means such as these that the Italian Air Force has been so successfully overcome throughout East Africa. Since their first arrival in the Sudan this squadron has been responsible for the destruction of nearly eighty aircraft, and to-day an Italian plane is a rare sight in their sector. All young, some regulars, some volunteers, these daring South Africans often ferret out the anti-aircraft barrage as well, flying at just a few feet "above the deck," with their guns blazing, and leaving a trail of wreckage behind them

A MOST AMAZING RESCUE BY A SOUTH AFRICAN PILOT IN ABYSSINIA: In face of Italian artillery fire, a second aircraft lands near Diredawa Aerodrome and takes off the pilot of the first plane

One of the most astounding stories of the war has been provided by a South African lieutenant, who landed a single-seater, multi-gun fighter aircraft on an enemy aerodrome beside his shot-down fellow pilot, picked him up under heavy fire and flew him home sitting on his lap. This exhibition of pluck occurred when a South African squadron attacked the aerodrome of Diredawa and destroyed ten enemy aircraft and damaged a number of others. The rescued pilot, a D.F.C. captain, said: "When the shot hit my aircraft smoke began to pour into the cockpit and blinded me. I was forced to land, and was just going to set fire to my machine and run into the bush when I noticed another of the pilots of my flight circling around and firing at enemy troops to keep them away from me. I never dreamed he would land, for anti-aircraft guns were firing at him continuously. When I saw he had landed I ran as fast as I could and climbed on to one of his wings, but his engine was revving so hard that I was blown right off again by blast from airscrew. I then tried to climb on to the pilot's back and shoulders as he was taxi-ing back to the end of the aerodrome with the Italians firing at us all the time. We realised, however, that I should not be able to stay on clinging to his shoulders, so I climbed over his head on to his lap and got my feet on to the rudder bar. So, with enemy guns still bombarding the aerodrome, we got off. I worked the stick and rudder, and the pilot, from underneath me, operated the flap and undercarriage levers. We flew quite normally back to our base and made a successful landing." Other pilots in the squadron who had seen their leader with smoke pouring from his aircraft were amazed when they returned to find him safely back at the aerodrome

THE NEW TYPES OF U.S. MACHINES ORDERED FOR SERVICE WITH

(2) THE BOMBERS which are now coming into service
Drawings by Roland Davies

PERHAPS the best of all the aeroplanes coming to this country from the U.S.A., the Consolidated Liberator combines a high speed of about 335 m.p.h. with a range of more than 3,000 miles and a bomb-load of 4,000 lb. It should prove a powerful addition to our striking force. The Liberator is a big four-motor, high-wing monoplane with a tricycle undercarriage. It possesses the much-boosted "Davies wing," which is claimed to have less drag than any other wing yet invented and to account for the excellent all-round performance.

Another interesting type is the Boeing B-17, called the "Flying Fortress" in the U.S.A. In its latest form the Boeing is a formidable aeroplane, with a top speed of more than 300 m.p.h. Its span of 103 ft. 9 in. compares with the 110 ft. of the Liberator.

One of the most successful types of American aeroplane appears to be the Douglas Boston bomber. Those at present in service are the finish of the French order, now turned over to Great Britain. Like the Liberator and the Airacobra, the Boston has a tricycle undercarriage, which makes it particularly easy to land at night. This, with its other qualities, makes the Boston suitable for night-fighting duties as well as for bombing. The latest version has a top speed around 350 m.p.h.

Another Douglas type is the Digby, some of which have been flown across the Atlantic. It is a big, low-wing monoplane corresponding approximately with our Whitley bomber. It is really a military development of the Douglas DC-3 civil transport.

The Martin Maryland is another type which has been inherited from the French. It has done particularly good service in the Middle East, where its top speed of 316 m.p.h. has enabled it to outpace any Italian fighter sent up against it. The Maryland achieved fame by helping in the taking of the photographs of Taranto which showed to the world the fine work of the Fleet Air Arm. The Maryland is a mid-wing, two-motor monoplane rather in the category of the Bristol Blenheim.

The Lockheed-Hudson two-motor reconnaissance bomber of the Coastal Command has seen more service at present than any other type of American aeroplane. Dozens of Hudsons have been flown direct across the Atlantic during the past few months. The power-operated gun turret is fitted when they arrive, and the Hudson is then ready to take its place in a squadron.

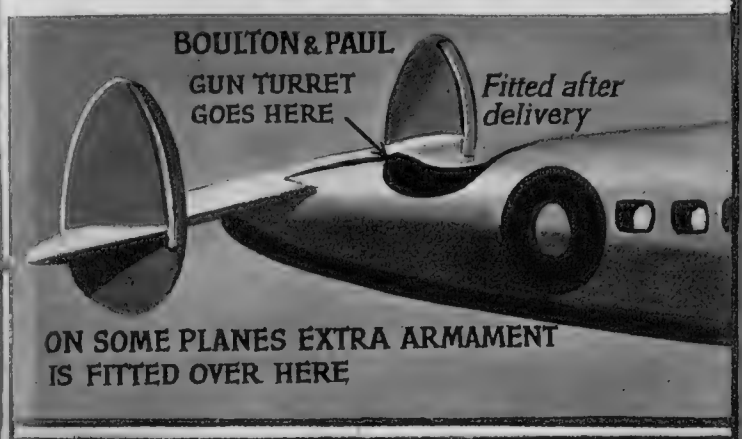
Consolidated Catalina two-motor flying-boats, too, are arriving by air from the United States in a steady stream. With a range of more than 4,000 miles they will prove immensely useful in combating the menace of the German submarines in the North Atlantic.

Finally, the North American Harvard trainers have contributed greatly to the efficiency of the R.A.F. by the thorough training which they make possible in all the most difficult arts of flying.

The American aircraft industry is but getting into its stride. During the next few months we can expect to see a steadily-increasing flow of ever more formidable types from the U.S.A. Lessons of armament and armour learned during the course of the war are now being incorporated into the aeroplanes being built for the R.A.F.

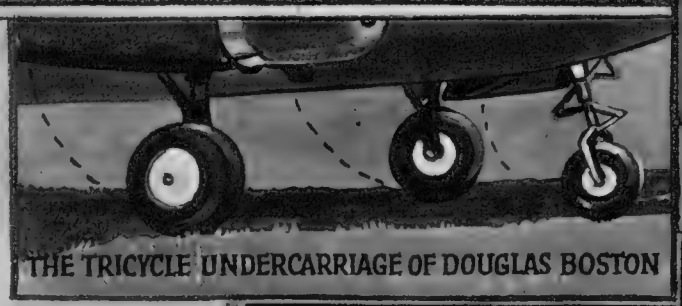
With our own high production reinforced so powerfully by the output of the United States, we can look forward to the day when the Royal Air Force will have gained mastery over the skies of Europe and the way is wide open to the destruction of the German will to continue a hopeless struggle.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE



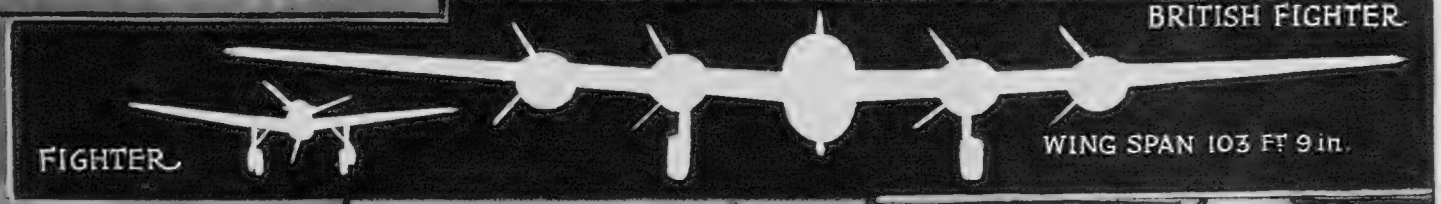
THE NEW CONSOLIDATED AIRCRAFT MODEL 32 IN FLIGHT

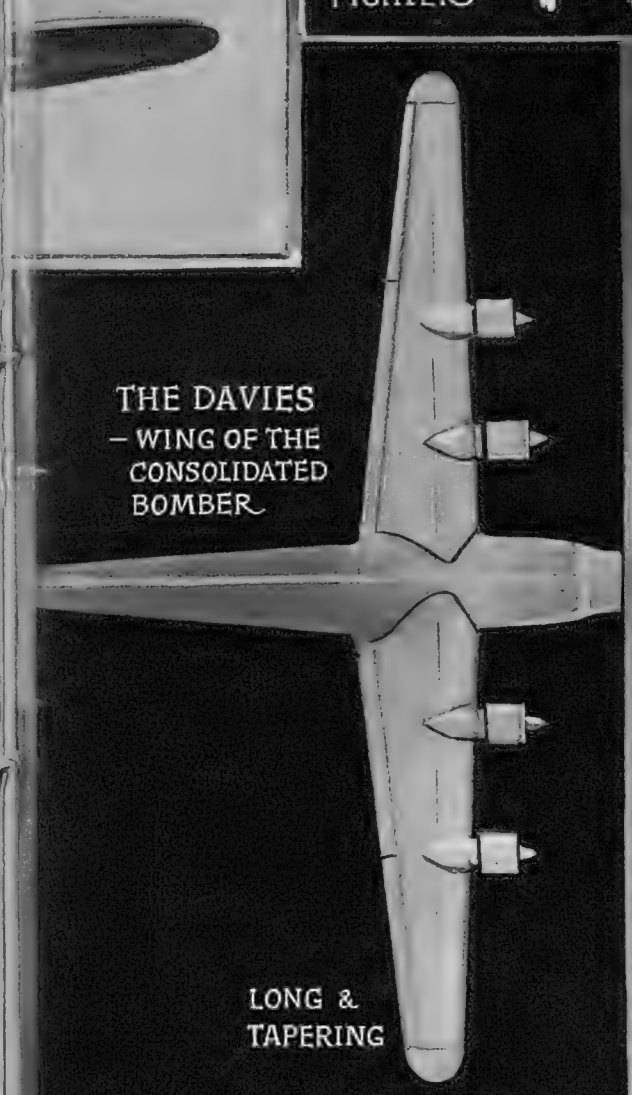
THE FOUR ENGINES ARE CARRIED IN VERY POWERFUL WINGS – SEE BELOW ON LEFT

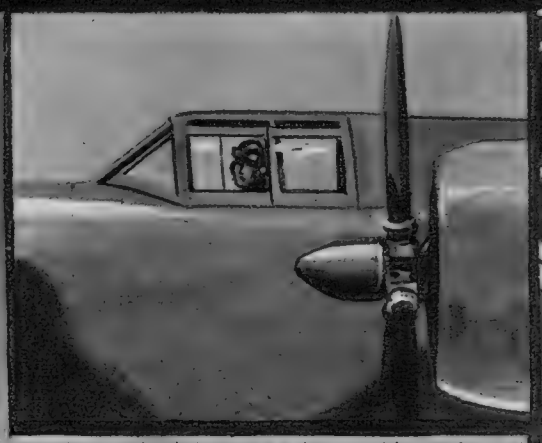


THE TRICYCLE UNDERCARRIAGE OF DOUGLAS BOSTON

APPROX. COMPARATIVE SIZES OF FLYING FORTRESS AND BRITISH FIGHTER

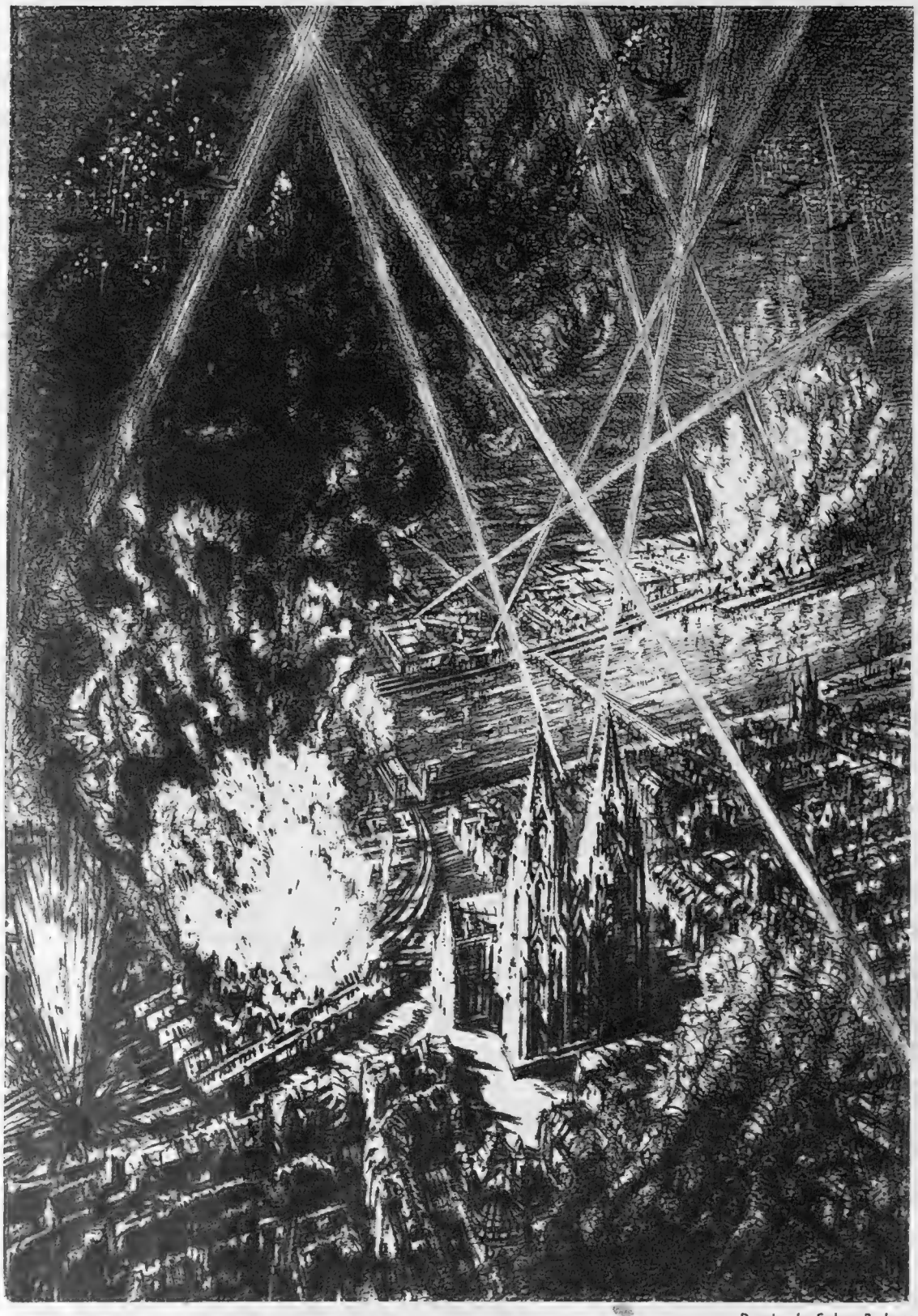






THE PILOT OF THE DOUGLAS SITS WELL IN FRONT OF THE AIRSCREWS FOR GOOD VISIBILITY

TYPE OF DASHBOARD FITTED TO CERTAIN TYPES OF BIGGER AMERICAN BOMBER



Drawing by Sydney R. Jones

WHAT A BOMBING RAID ACTUALLY LOOKS LIKE TO THE PILOT: An artist's reconstruction of the attack by the R.A.F. on Cologne on March 27

We are all, by this time, familiar with the official photographs of raids on enemy objectives: but this drawing shows something different. Owing to his knowledge of reconstructing pictures from maps (a task on which he was engaged during the last war), and basing his drawing on the published facts concerning this particular raid, Mr. Jones, the well-known artist, here presents the scene as it was viewed by the pilots during the heavy attack on Cologne on March 27, when a load of high-explosive bombs and incendiaries was dropped on the industrial centre by aircraft of the Bomber Command. The drawing shows the Central Station (opposite the Cathedral) in flames, and a direct hit being scored on the main railway line: on the opposite bank of the Rhine a great fire blazes round the railway and harbour at Deutz. In spite of poor visibility our pilots could still see the fires from a distance of thirty miles!

AIR COMMENTARY by C. G. GREY
(Founder of "The Aeroplane")

AIR WAR in the BALKANS

Possibilities Should the Conflict Spread to Yugoslavia; And Other Air Commentary

Sitting on Things.—That was quite a good story which was sent out a while ago by the Air Ministry about the pilot who landed a single-seater in enemy territory in Italian East Africa to pick up a forced-landed friend, and flew back with the picked-up one sitting on his knee, working the control-stick and rudder, while the rightful owner worked the throttle and the ejector-gear of the under-cart, and the flaps and such things. But there is nothing new in the air. Some time in 1916 or 1917, when the Royal Naval Air Service was sitting on Mudros or Imbros, or some other os, and blockading the Bulgars in the Ægean, a batch of R.N.A.S. machines set off bravely to bomb Constantinople (now Istanbul). On the way back Flight Lieut. Smiley, R.N., was brought down by engine trouble. Squadron Commander Bell Davis (there were no Squadron Leaders then) landed, set fire to the derelict machine, picked up Smiley and took off just in time to escape from a squadron of Bulgar cavalry.

Bell Davis got the Victoria Cross for it. He is now Rear-Admiral Bell Davis, V.C., D.S.O., R.N.—commanding all the training aerodromes of the Fleet Air Arm—those strange air-fields which bear the names of, and are carried in the Navy List as, His Majesty's Ships, such as H.M.S. *Kestrel*.

Another instance was that of Squadron Leader Maxwell in 'Iraq. A big formation was out bombing Sheikh Mahmoud, the Keerdish chief, rebel, brigand, or patriot, according to one's point of view. Air Marshal Sir John Salmond—Air Officer C.-in-C., 'Iraq—was out too, just to watch what was being done. Maxwell's machine came down and landed only a few hundreds of yards from old Mahmoud's stronghold. Sir John, who really ought not to have been risking his life in the air, told his pilot to land, and as they went down, he signalled to another machine to come down too. Each machine picked up one of the crew. Maxwell sat on the knee of the gunner in the second machine, and his aft gunner sat on Sir John's knee. Not every Air Mechanic can boast that he has sat upon an Air Marshal.

When we were fighting the Bulgars in 1918 a friend of mine in the R.N.A.S. used to fly soggy seaplanes along the coast, trying to drop bombs on Bulgar camps. One day he dropped some on top of a cliff, and looked back to see the effect. He was surprised to see another burst near his own, so he turned and dropped another one. Again another burst followed. Then he spotted a trawler close in-shore, and, after he had dropped a third bomb he saw the trawler's gun fire at extreme elevation. So he flew low and took her number.

That evening, back at Imbros (or Mudros), he went down to the harbour and found that his trawler was in. The mate, who was in charge, said that they had run short of shells and he had come back for some more. When my friend, now a Group Captain R.A.F., asked for the skipper, the mate replied, "Oh! The skipper's in the dinghy, a-blockadin' the Bulgars."

The old man had sent his ship for shells, while he and a deck-hand with rifles maintained the coastal blockade. The mate explained their shell-bursts on top of the cliff by saying that they saw the smoke from the bombs dropped by the seaplane, and guessed that the pilot knew what he was at, so they lobbed a few shells up-and-over the edge of the cliff, although they could see nothing on top—"just in case they might help." You will note that the trawler spirit has not altered in more than 20 years.

Air Work In the Balkans.—The Balkan business is going to be most interesting technically. If the Germans try using parachute troops in South Serbia and along the mountains between Bulgaria and Greece the men are going to have a cruel time. In passing, one may remark that Yugoslavia is the name of a nation, and is not a geographical expression. Serbia and Croatia are still on the map. Norway was bad enough as parachute country, casualties through crashing into mountain-sides were very heavy. But those bare Balkan crags will just be murderous. Our R.A.F. people flying over the Pathan Hills never come down by parachute if a motor packs up: they pancake the machine in the stream at the bottom of the valley. The chance of breaking one's legs or neck and being found is better than being drifted against the side of a precipice and falling down it into a gulley, or lying and dying on an inaccessible rock.

A French friend of mine who was flying in 1917-18 with the *Armée de l'Orient*—the self-styled outcasts of France, who wore a gilt crescent in their caps to emphasise the fact, and won their war before any other army in Europe did—was chasing Bulgars and Austrians up gorges which had a river and a road and a railway at the bottom and were so narrow that when he had to go home for more ammunition he had

LORD HALIFAX has, at any rate, gone nearer than has anyone else, in public, to stating something like war aims which common un-political people such as ourselves can understand. To my mind his most important statement is that our Government is resolved "to remain armed after the war in order to maintain peace." However much people may think wishfully or wish thoughtfully for a negotiated peace, it just cannot be done. The end of this war can only be either a *Pax Germanica* over Europe or a *Pax Britannica*. For us there can be only the *Pax Britannica*.

We can only maintain the *Pax Britannica* by keeping the R.A.F. up to full strength. After 1918 the R.A.F. was cut from 30,000 officers and 300,000 men to 3,000 officers and 30,000 men—not enough to police the Empire, let alone Europe. And who was to blame?

If anyone doubts the peoples' love of peace I recommend careful reading of Kipling's *As Easy As ABC*—that great story of how the world got along quite happily under an Aerial Board of Control—and how the people resented things which we now look upon as essentials to our political existence. And if you doubt the possibility of an aerial government (not Government) of the world, consider (A) how our Royal Navy—I like that title so much better than the British Navy—for a century or more assured the peace of the seas among all nations, and the free use of them for commerce, and (B) how well the Royal Air Force, in 'Iraq, in the Yemen, and in Equatorial Africa, and even on the Indian Frontier, succeeds in that work which Sir Samuel Hoare, then Secretary of State for Air, called "control without occupation."

Rule, Britannia.—Think that over for a few minutes, and then, as an interlude, consider the international effect which we might produce, and the propagandist value we might get, if the British Broadcasting Corporation were to drop that fatuous, futile, flatulant pong-pong-ping, on the notes B, B, C, on the piano, and were to announce to all tuners-in—"Rule, Britannia"—with the full crash of a brass band—and then, after the usual pause—"Britannia Rules the Waves."—Bang!—With a clear intimation of an unsaid—"And don't you forget it."—Think how the share value of the British Empire would go up all over the world.

We rule the waves of the sea, and the waves of the air, so let us rule the wave-lengths of the æther as well, and jolly well tell the world all about it. That is how our fathers and grandfathers talked to the other nations when we were conquering America, and Africa and Asia, and building the British Empire—now the British Commonwealth of Nations. We were not afraid to sing, "We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do, We 've got the ships, we 've got the men, We' ve got the money, too. . . ."

Mutatis mutandis we could sing the same thing to-day—only that our national publicity merchants are too modest, or genteel, or Cissyfied.

to fly five or ten miles up the gorge, climbing all the while, before he could turn—Spad single-seaters did not climb vertically as Hurricanes and Spitfires do. That was when the people at Marseilles and Toulon used to ask men of the *Armée de l'Orient* on their way to Salonika, returning from leave in Paris, "How is your war in the North going?" This time they know more about how a war in the North affects them.

Such country as that in Serbia and Bulgaria is not good for parachute troops, nor for ground-strafing, because of the violent up-and-down currents caused by almost tropical sun on bare rocks next door to cold, sunless gorges. Sir Alan Cobham has told some good stories of his flying along the Greek coast; including one of running into a down-current which dropped him some thousands of feet, during which descent he looked into the cabin and saw his two passengers and all the loose baggage apparently stuck to the roof. Men in a Junkers troop-carrier would be most unhappy in such a position.

Apart from that, distances in the Balkans are so short that anywhere can conveniently be bombed from anywhere else. Salonika to Sofia is only 150 miles—half an hour for a cruising bomber of modern type. Salonika to Ploesti, the Rumanian oil centre is less than 300 miles, and to Bucharest is rather less. The equivalent of London to Edinburgh would take one all over most of Greece, Bulgaria, Rumania, South Serbia and Albania. Only when one reaches North Serbia and Hungary do distances grow. An army without an air arm is in a bad way and, if the combined British and Greek aeroplanes, plus possibly the Yugoslavs, as suggested here three or four weeks ago, and the Turks,s et about the *Luftwaffe* and keep the sky clear, the German Army may find the Balkan defiles very like death-traps.

Visible Gas Rehearsals.—All the efforts by B.B.C. propaganda and loud-speaker vans, and promises of mild doses of tear-gas in limited localities, to make people carry gas-masks is so well-meant, and seemingly so unsuccessful, that I feel that the Propagandists and the Home Security people and the R.A.F. ought to combine in a big-scale practical demonstration of a gas attack. It would be quite cheap and frightfully convincing.

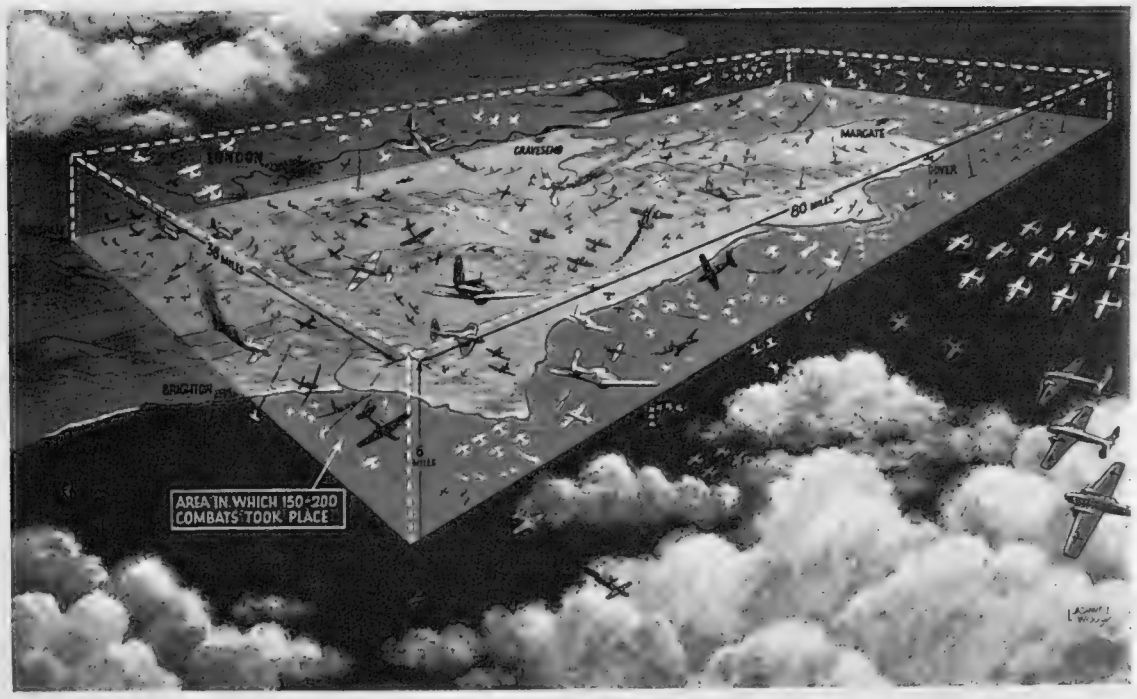
In September 1924, at the should-have-been Schneider Contest over Chesapeake Bay (the U.S. Navy sportingly refused to fly over the course and claim the trophy in the absence of competitors), a couple of U.S. Navy seaplanes flew along parallel to the beach at about 500 ft. and laid a curtain of smoke. It drifted ashore ever so slowly. I have never seen anything so menacing. For three or four minutes it blotted everything out and made one cough.

I believe that some women fainted and that the coloured folk panicked rather badly. But it was a grand show of what gas could do. The interesting thing was the way in which the top of the curtain did not seem to drop all the time it was drifting ashore from, perhaps, a mile or two out at sea. A curtain of that sort laid to drift across London and other big cities about once a week would do a power of good.

Let us face it. The Germans may use gas when they find that bombing does not shake the essential Englishman or woman. And the women are most unshakable. The day after a bomb knocked a corner off Buckingham Palace a charming Anglo-American woman came to see a woman friend of mine near Victoria and said: "Have you been to see the corner they 've knocked off the Palace?" My friend said, "No! I 've been too busy." And the other said, "Then you 'd better hurry, because it will all be cleared up, if you don't." And that was after both of them had been in London through every *blitz* the W.1 and S.W.1 area has had.

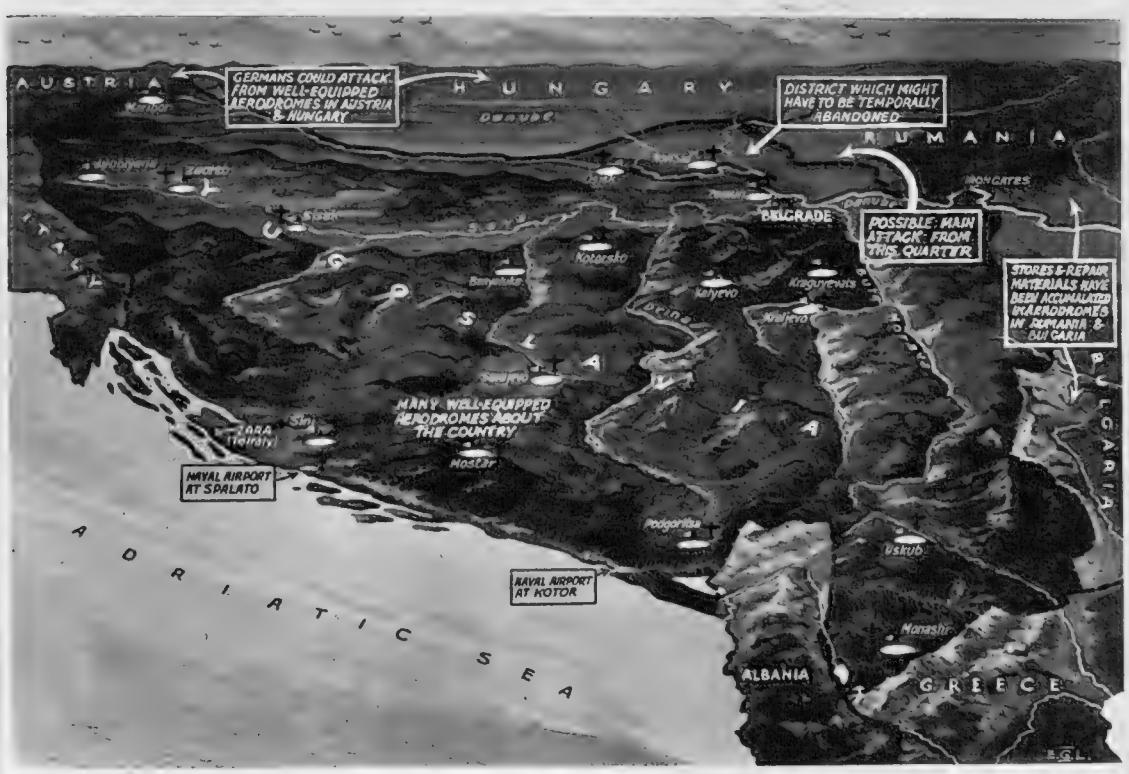
Real gas may be quite nasty, and people ought to be trained to use their masks. And if the R.A.F. have not got the right smoke, I am sure that Major Jack Savage, O.B.E., of the Skywriting Company, knows all about it. But if the Germans are so foolish as to use gas they will be mighty sorry later on.

The plain Anglo-Saxon (*cum* Jute), who is still the biggest factor in our population, is slow to anger, but, all through history he has had the reputation of being a brute when roused. And the use of gas against the civil population (meaning the women and children) in this country would mean murder with the bare hands when the Armies of the British Commonwealth are let loose in Germany.



THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN: "THE SOUTHERN MARCHES OF ENGLAND" WHERE THE GREATEST AIR BATTLE OF ALL TIME WAS FOUGHT ON SEPTEMBER 15, 1940

The Air Ministry's Record of the great days from August 8 till October 31, 1940, just published under the title of "The Battle of Britain," has rightly jumped into the forefront of the best of "best-sellers." The story of the air fighting over Southern England is a wonderful epic of endurance on behalf of "so many by so few." Readers of this journal will be familiar with the special diagrams published in *The Sphere* whilst this battle was actually in progress—diagrams which showed the various phases and the changing tactics of air combat: we have little to add to our already-published drawings beyond the one given above. On September 15 came the "Greatest Day of All": this is given a chapter to itself in the Air Ministry's Record. "It is better perhaps not to attempt to plot the place of attack too accurately—an almost hopeless task—but to refer to it simply as the Southern Marches of England," says the Record. "The battle, in fact, took place roughly in a cube about 80 miles long, 38 broad, and from 5 to 6 miles high. It was in this space between noon and half-past that between 150 and 200 individual combats took place. Many of these developed into stern chases which were broken off within a mile or two of the French coast"



Drawing by E. G. Lambert

IN VIEW OF POSSIBLE DEVELOPMENTS IN YUGOSLAVIA, HERE IS A SUMMARY OF THE POSITION OF THE YUGOSLAV AIR FORCE

Yugoslavia is, except in the north, a mountainous country: it possesses a number of aerodromes, but these are often to be found hemmed in by mountain ranges where flying conditions are not easy. The Air Force is the strongest in the Balkans—well-equipped and with officers whose courage is second to none: its aeroplanes total about one thousand, of which about half could be put into the air at a given moment—many of them have been supplied to Yugoslavia by Britain. There is little doubt that the Yugoslavs could easily have accounted for the Italian Regia Aeronautica in any trial of strength. The drawing above explains the portions of the country vulnerable to attack at the outset of war—the areas immediately open to attack lie to the north and on the Rumanian and Bulgarian borders, where stores have been accumulated by the Germans. But the aerodromes in the mountain country, difficult as they are, are well equipped. Undoubtedly, the Yugoslavian Air Force will put up a good show if war is forced on her

Frankly, I do not like this ominous lull in German attacks. It cannot all be caused by bad weather in Central Europe, or by sending aeroplanes to the Balkans, or by damage done by British bombing. There is the possibility that the lull is caused by so many German aeroplanes being fitted with gas-laying, or spraying, apparatus. And our Home Security may know enough to be right in their gas-mask campaign.

The Boys In the Back Rooms.—Lord Beaverbrook's reference to the Boys in the Back Rooms (inspired, I believe, by a film in which Mrs. Dietrich appears), and the consequent cartoon by Mr. Low, has caused much badinage, friendly and otherwise, and some satisfaction in the Ministry of Aircraft Production and in the Air Ministry. Certainly quite a lot of the people in the out-of-sight offices do deserve credit for what they have done. For example, nobody has yet given credit to the genius who persuaded the Air Staff and the Air Council to standardise the eight-gun fighter. None of the two-gun toughs in any Wild West film ever achieved such a success. And what reward was given to the man who was responsible for developing the Merlin motors which made the R.A.F. victories of September 1940 possible?

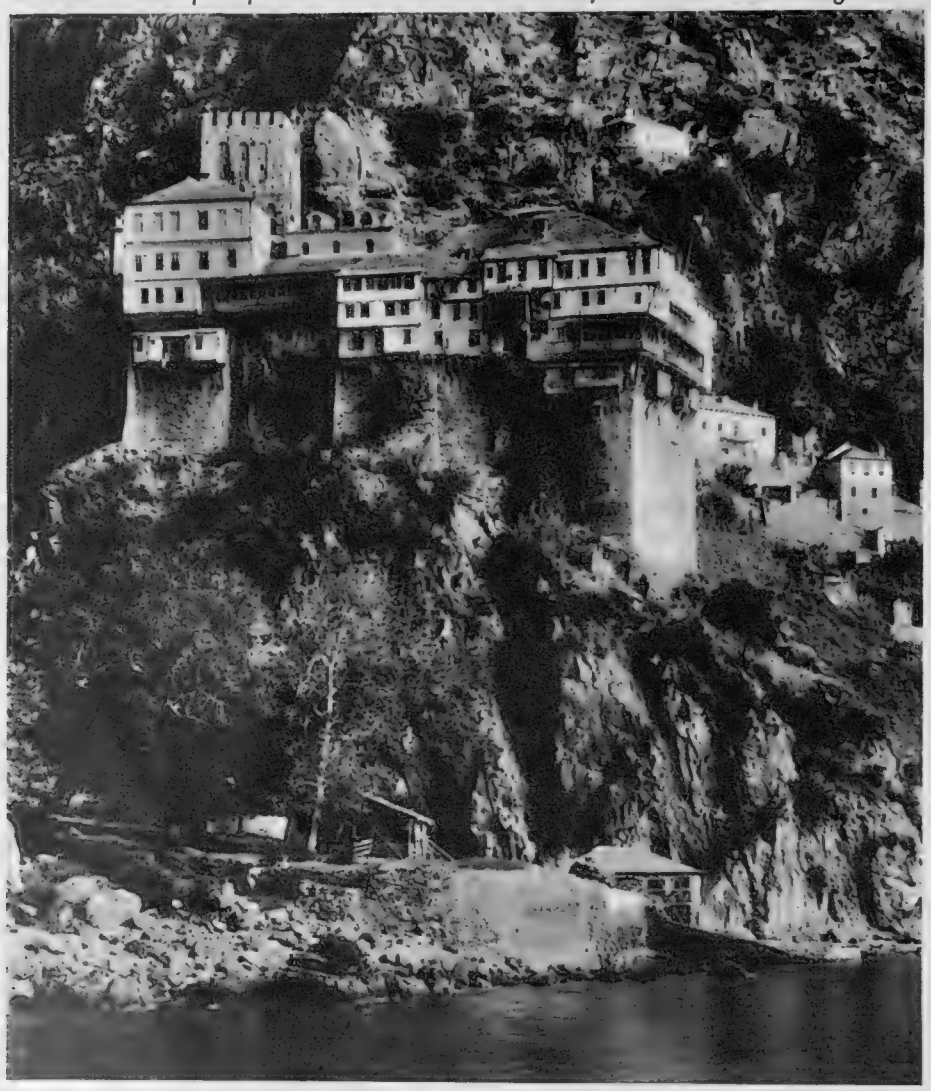
On the other hand, there are dozens, perhaps hundreds, of pseudo-scientists and self-appointed experts, in cubby-holes rather than back rooms, at the Ministry of Aircraft Production, at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, at the National Physical Laboratory—and even in R.A.F. stations such as what used to be Martlesham, Felixstowe and Henlow—who are a continual clog on progress. They are the people who opposed slots and flaps and consequent slow landings, and a chance of freedom from burning up after a simple crash or forced landing. They opposed retractable undercarriages, metal construction, and a heap of other things, which only by strenuous fighting were got through in time to make our machines the best in the world when war began, and better still since then.

By the way, what is the big idea of the Air Ministry Public Relations Department in constantly telling the taxpayer that other people's aeroplanes are better than ours? One or two papers have seized on the statement in the Air Ministry's pamphlet on *The Battle of Britain* that the Heinkel 113 single-seat fighter which was used during the fighting over the Channel was the fastest single-seat fighter in the world, and have emphasised the fact that the Spitfire Mark I. was about 30 miles an hour slower.

Why make a song about that? Actually 367 m.p.h, was the official speed of the standard Spitfire, but a lot of them were much faster; and some pilots and their flight-sergeants conspire to do non-standard things to their engines and machines which improve them a lot—in spite of the boys in the back rooms and the twerps (a favourite term of contempt in the R.A.F.) in the cubby-holes. Apart from which, the 113 was (or is) a bad fighting machine. It was little use in a dog-fight against the much slower Hurricanes, and a well-flown and tuned Spitfire was all over it. One hears very little of the 113 to-day, and the assumption is that its production was stopped. The Germans do that sort of thing instead of going on making obsolescent machines because the maker might feel hurt if his type were scrapped.

The Rock-Perched Monasteries of the Mediterranean

Picturesque Spots Around Which the Tide of War is Now Flowing



ONE OF THE TWENTY MONASTERIES OF THE MT. ATHOS GROUP: The St. Denys Monastery is one of the most picturesque of the group which occupies the southern portion of the eastern arm of the Chalcidice Peninsula. Its bastion-like towers are perched on a mass of rock at the foot of Mt. Athos. The windows of the overhanging storeys command a wide view of the Ægean. Seventeen of the monasteries of Athos are Greek; one, the monastery of Kiliantari, founded in the twelfth century, is Serbian; one, Zographos, is Bulgarian, and one, Pantaleimon, is Russian. There are numerous other groups of monks living in cottages, which together with those residing on the heights, gives a population of 5,000 souls for this unique monastic community

ONE OF THE STRIKINGLY PLACED MONASTERIES OF METEORA, IN THESSALY: The position of this monastery is perhaps even more dramatic than those of Mt. Athos; all the group are more or less similarly placed. Meteora is the largest and the highest. It was founded in 1388. This one is typical of the group. Hagios Barlaam is visited for its chapel on the rock with paintings of the legend of St. Ephraim. A number of separate buildings occupy the summit with little garden spaces between. Rope and windlass are employed at several as the only means of contact between the outside world and the isolated community

OVERHANGING UPPER STOREYS ARE A FEATURE OF MANY OF THE GREEK ROCK-PERCHED MONASTERIES: Stretched out from the massive walls are a large number of rooms and balconies, where the monks can take the air and enjoy the fair scene below. The only access to many of these monasteries is by a rope basket which is lowered from one of these projections; the visitor is hauled up, encased in rope and spinning round the while, by the monks detailed to this duty. The descent is even more precarious, for one's safety depends on the adroitness of the monk who controls the rate of one's descent with his foot. It is reported that some of the communities have been shrinking in numbers to such an extent that in some cases there is only a solitary monk left alive on the lonely summit. One monastery is said to be tenantless, but the crumbling ladders do not encourage an attempt to scale the walls

How the Rock-Perched Monasteries Came to be Established

IT seemed for a time after the last war that order, peace and stability had at long last come to the monasteries of Macedonia and the Levant. But now in Greece, Albania, Bulgaria, even in Syria, the robot arms of total war reach out. More than a thousand years ago, monks established themselves on the northern shores of the Ægean Sea, living in caves on the rocky shores of a peninsula at the extremity of which Mount Athos rises like a pyramid of white marble from its base of encircling firs. Still earlier, many monks had fled from Palestine and Egypt to find security in and around Byzantium from the onslaughts of the Arabs. From there, again, persecution eventually drove them farther afield, into Thrace and parts of Asia Minor.

Early in the ninth century, Peter the Athonite settled on Athos. There for fifty years he lived, beating off the attacks of wild beasts and devils. He was soon joined by other monks, and by the middle of the century there was a colony of monks living on the mountain. Among these were Euthymius and John Kolobos. The former gathered many of the hermits into a *lavra*: a loosely organised grouping which is a half-way house between the rigid solitude of the eremite and the community of the cenobite.

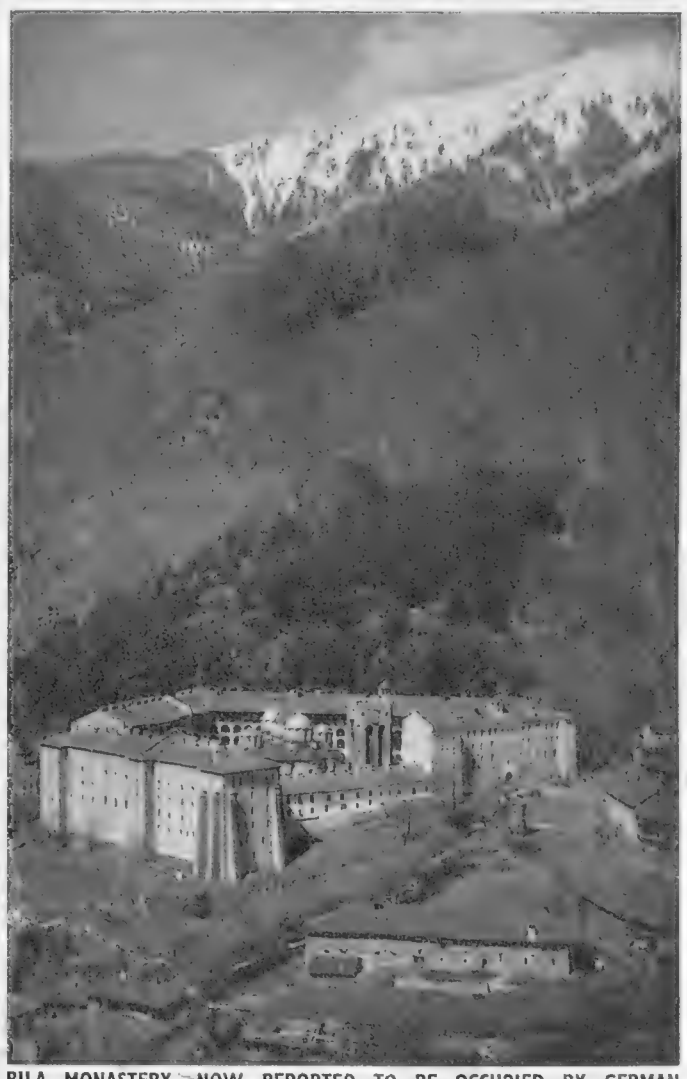
In the latter part of the tenth century, the monk Athanasius, with lavish contributions from the Emperor Phocas, built the first monastery on Athos. Named Lavra, it is the largest of all the twenty monasteries, sheltering in all about 800 monks, although a limit of 80 was set upon it by the decree of Phocas. Like all those standing on the rocky coast of Athos, it is enclosed within high castellated walls and consists of an irregular collection of buildings surrounding a courtyard, from the centre of which rises the dome of a painted church.

So wide was the fame of the Monastery of Lavra that monks from places far distant flocked to Mount Athos in numbers too great for their accommodation within its walls. As the monasteries multiplied, so did the numbers of the hermits grow, the eremitic and the cenobitic systems side by side inevitably giving rise to disputes. In 1046, therefore, the abbots and principal monks met at Karyes, the administrative centre of Athos, and drew up a new charter for the whole of

MEGASPELIAN IS PERHAPS THE MOST IMPORTANT MONASTERY IN GREECE : This great monastery is situated at the entrance to a big vaulted cave, about 200 ft. wide and 100 ft. deep ; a lofty cliff towers above it. The monastery is large, but its buildings are not as old as many of the others, a considerable portion being rebuilt in 1640 after a fire. The number of monks has fallen considerably from the 300 of former days. The library contains a large number of theological works. It was doubtless inspected by the Hon. Robert Curzon when he made his remarkable tours of the monasteries of the Levant and succeeded in securing, often by the most curious means, a fine collection of illuminated MSS. of very early date. On Mt. Athos he saw the finest MS. of all : it was a quarto evangelisterium written in golden letters on fine white vellum

THE BUTTRESSED WALLS OF THE MONASTERY OF MAR SABA IN PALESTINE : The early Christian monasteries spread out beyond the region of Greece and Byzantium into Asia Minor, Palestine and as far south as Sinai and the Nile. This one, which lies between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, is a striking combination of convent and castle

CLINGING TO A ROCK IN A WILD WADI NEAR JERICHO—THE CONVENT OF ST. GEORGE : This Greek Church monastery is reached by a steep path in the region of Jericho. There is a cavern behind this one, as in the case of the Greek monastery illustrated above. Tradition says that it marks the spot where the ravens brought food to Elijah



RILA MONASTERY, NOW REPORTED TO BE OCCUPIED BY GERMAN MILITARY HEADQUARTERS STAFF : In the extreme south-west of Bulgaria, not far from Monastir, lies the huge convent of Rila. It is overlooked by the towering cliffs of the Rila mountains and is surrounded by forest country. Its massive walls guard a very fine church. The establishment dates from the tenth century, when the holy Johannes Rilski died in a cave here in A.D. 946 The community grew up shortly after his demise. Recently some forty monks have been occupying the vast premises. What they are doing if the place has been invaded by German military is not known. As the place has accommodation for hundreds of pilgrims they need not be unduly disturbed

the community. This was confirmed by the Emperor Constantine IX, and thenceforth all matters of vital importance to the Athonites were to be settled by a general assembly comprising mainly the abbots of the cenobitic monasteries. Thus was the supremacy of the Cenobitic System established, whilst eremitism was permitted to continue.

THE CAPTURE OF ADDIS ABABA, APRIL 7

After a Campaign the Like of which has Never Before been Witnessed in History

IN ADDIS : "RAS MAKONNEN STREET"—ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARES : A town of nearly 200,000 inhabitants, there were some 41,000 Italians in the capital. It has been in Italian hands for only five years

STREET SCENE IN ADDIS ABABA, SHOWING SOME OF THE MAIN BUILDINGS—THE LARGEST OF WHICH IS THE POST OFFICE, WITH THE GRAND HOTEL ADJOINING

MODERN SHOPS AT ADDIS ABABA CONSTRUCTED BY THE ITALIANS : Since their occupation the Italians have been at work erecting new buildings of stone, constructing new roads and generally grafting modern civilisation on to ancient Ethiopia

AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE CITY, SHOWING THE EMPEROR'S PALACE AND THE FOREST OF EUCALYPTUS TREES IN WHICH THE CAPITAL IS EMBOWERED : Terminus of the Jibuti Railway and key-point of the vast system of roads constructed throughout Italian East Africa, Addis Ababa was the pride of Mussolini's heart. It has a good aerodrome, many modern buildings and a large native and Italian population. It has been occupied by the Italians for a very short period. The Italian armies are now reported to be in full flight towards the north and west of Addis Ababa

THE VICEROY OF ABYSSINIA, THE DUKE OF AOSTA: Now fleeing before the Imperial Forces, the Duke has left his civilian population in Addis Ababa (including women and children) to the care of the British. Related to the Royal House, the Duke is a striking figure amongst a race of small men—he is a soldierly figure of 6 feet 5 inches! In addition to being Viceroy, the Duke of Aosta is also Commander-in-Chief of all Italy's East African Armies

THE EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE, WITH HIS FAMILY: The Emperor is now with his army in the field: and it is not unlikely that very soon he will once again be back in his capital at the head of a united Abyssinian nation freed from the yoke of the Italians. Above is one of the latest pictures taken of Haile Selassie before his departure for Africa: with him are Prince Afsaw-Wasen, the Princess Tsahai and the Duke of Harar. The Empress is reported to be preparing to rejoin Haile Selassie very shortly. The picture *on the left* was taken before the Emperor was forced to leave his country: he is here watching manoeuvres by his army on the parade ground at Addis Ababa

GENERAL DUSAN-SIMOVITCH, Yugoslav Premier, who overthrew the Tsvetkovitch Ministry a few days ago

YUGOSLAVIA AT WAR

Germany Opened Hostilities on Sunday Morning, April 6, by Bombing Belgrade from the Air

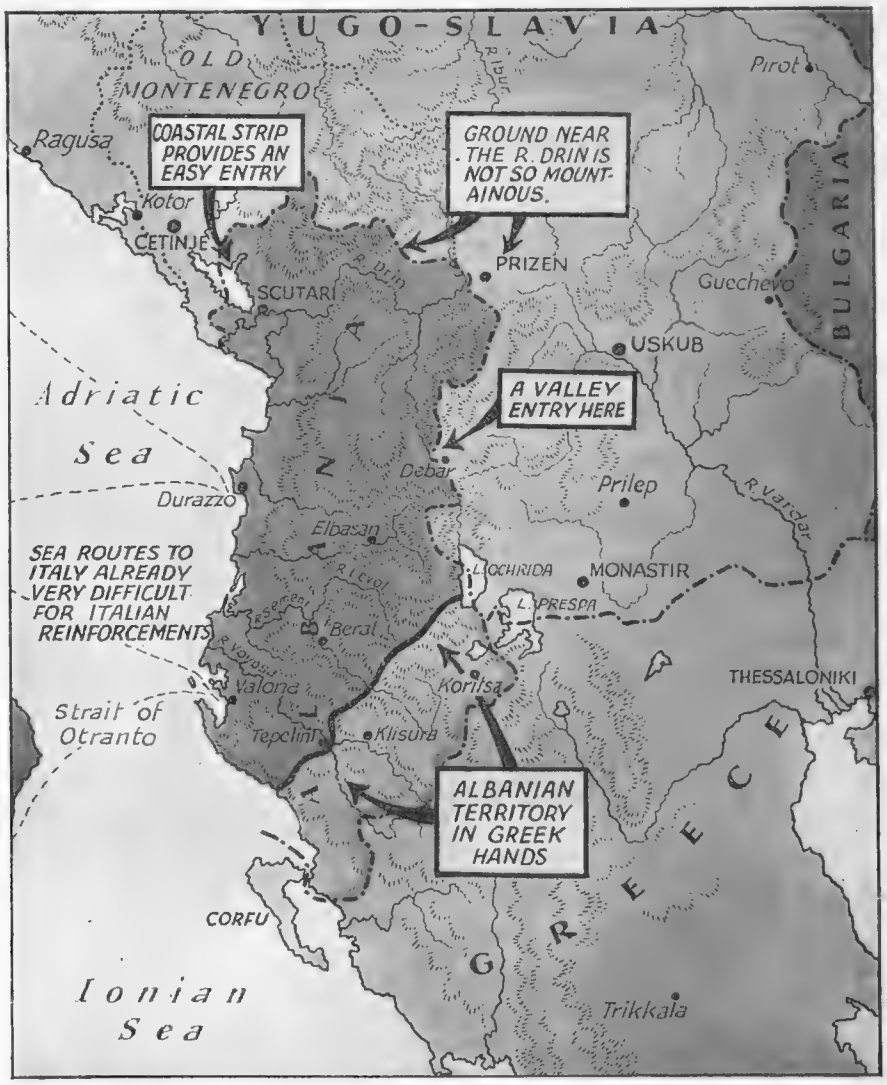
Vice-Admiral Maryan Politch, of the Yugoslav Navy

Chief Marshal Miloyko Yankovitch, Chief of the Air Force

Branko Naumovitch, Chief of the Yugoslav Air Staff

THE BRIDGE WHICH CONNECTS YUGOSLAVIA WITH ITALY: At Zusak, a suburb of Fiume, this bridge connected the two territories. It was mined by the Yugoslavs a few days ago, however, and has now probably been blown up

ART OF THE YUGOSLAV AIR FORCE OVER BELGRADE: The thousand first-line aeroplanes of the Air Force include British, German and Yugoslavian machines. They have already been in action and have undertaken reprisals for the bombing of Belgrade



THE PARLOUS PLIGHT OF ALBANIA, NOW SURROUNDED BY ENEMIES: On the south the Italians are opposed by the Greeks; now they are opposed on the east and the north by the Yugoslavs. The position of the Italian armies in Albania is thus unenviable, as they are threatened in front, in rear and on the flank. If the Yugoslavs can detach part of their fighting forces to attack the Italians it may go very hard with them!

ommander Emilo Matitch, of the Yugoslav Navy

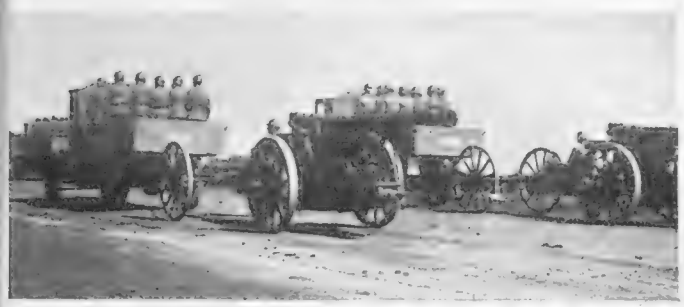
Wing Commander Dusan Louitchitch, of the Air Force

Group-Captain Georges P. Yovanovitch, of the Air Force

Air Commodore Borivore Marcovitch, of the Air Force

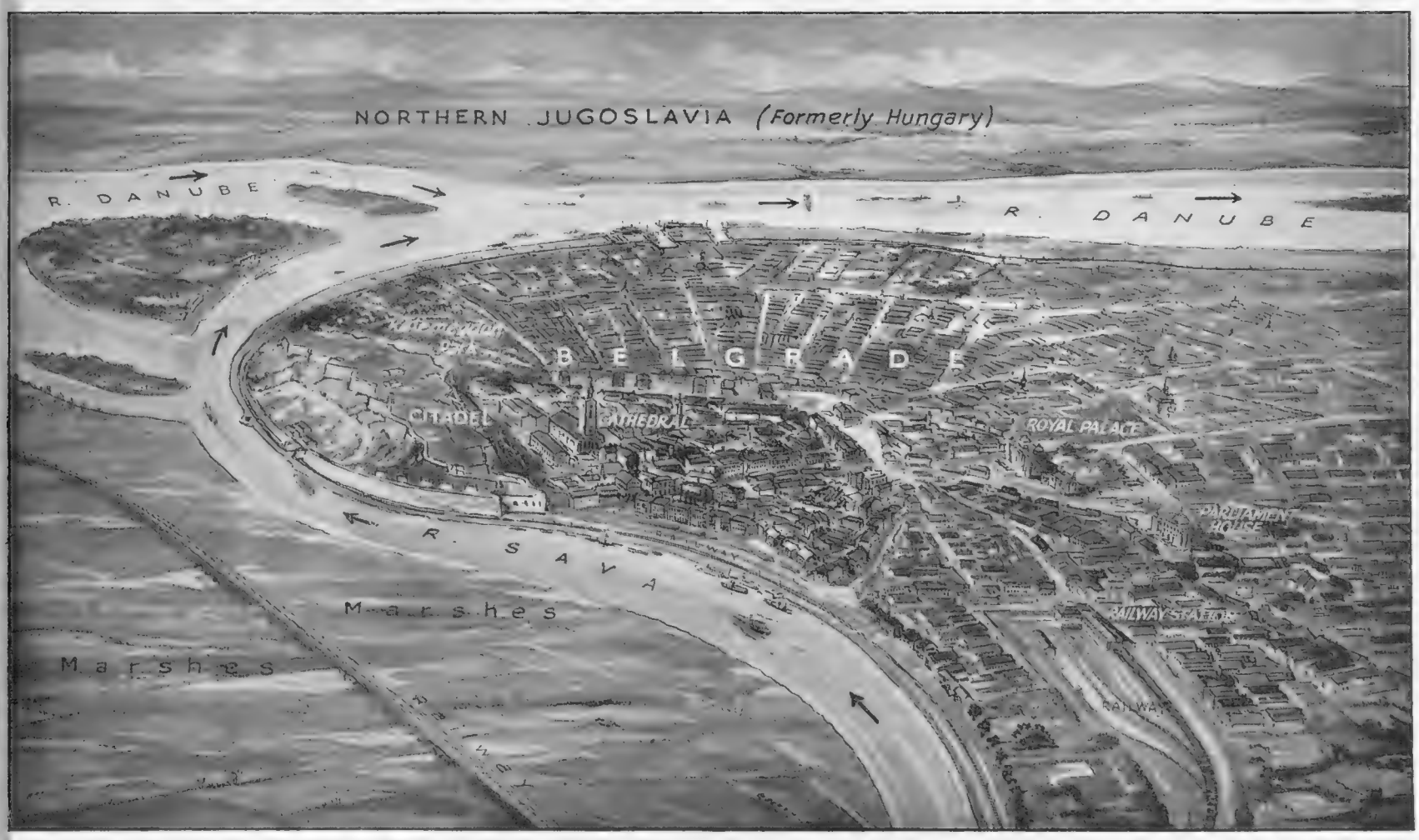
General Milan Neditch, of the Yugoslav Army

THE CYCLIST CORPS OF THE YUGOSLAV ARMY TAKING PART IN MANOEUVRES



A MECHANISED UNIT OF THE ARMY TAKING PART IN A MARCH PAST OF YUGOSLAVIAN TROOPS AT BAGNITZA CAMP, BELGRADE, DURING MANOEUVRES

A VIEW OF BELGRADE, WITH THE PLACE DU THEATRE AND THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF PRINCE MICHEL : Belgrade consists of two portions—a modern, well-built "upper town," in which is the Citadel on a hill 150 ft. high, and a "lower town," which is situated on the Danube



CAPITAL OF YUGOSLAVIA ON THE RIVER DANUBE—THE CITY OF BELGRADE, WHICH HAS ALREADY BEEN BOMBED BY THE GERMANS : Despite that Belgrade has been declared an "open town," it has been bombed savagely by German airmen, the Nazis boasting that they had "smashed" the capital. In the last war it was the bombardment of this city by the Austrians which signalised the opening of the 1914-18 war, which they lived to regret bitterly. Since then, Belgrade has been removed from the actual border by the acquisition of territory to the north, and had become a flourishing city

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

REMINISCENCES of the GREAT

Ambassador Dodd's Diary; Viscount Mersey's Memoirs; John Buchan's Last Novel

FROM 1933 to 1938 the United States Ambassador to Germany was Mr. William Dodd, formerly Professor of History in the University of Chicago, and the holder of a Doctor's degree from the University of Leipzig. President Roosevelt appointed him because he wanted for the post a man who was a liberal and a scholar, and one who had some knowledge of German culture and what he described as cultural approaches.

AMBASSADOR DODD'S DIARY (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Dodd's own day-by-day account of his tenure of office. A diary such as this is an extraordinarily revealing document. In self-portrait the man himself is revealed as a democrat of the inflexible type made familiar to Europe through the personality of the late Woodrow Wilson.

Dodd was, above all, a liberal, austere in mind, manner and habit; a man who instinctively disliked and distrusted all forms of ostentation, and tolerant only of those virtues of which he approved in human conduct. He was very far from being what the Americans describe as a good mixer. He disliked all the trappings and lavish display attendant upon international diplomacy, and time and again throughout his diary he records such homely details as wishing to pack his own suitcase rather than that a butler should do it for him; that people gathered for the "fashionable cocktail," which he disliked. He was never happier than when he could retire to his quiet home, drink a glass of milk and eat a stewed peach before going to bed.

Such was the man who was to represent the United States of America in Berlin during the critical period of the Nazi revolution. He arrived in Berlin on July 13, 1933, and was immediately plunged into a round of diplomatic introductions and exchanges. It is significant to note that one of the chief concerns of certain powerful interests in the United States at that time was the prospect of American investors losing their money in the vast German loans which had been floated on various occasions.

In his early days in Berlin Dodd was very much concerned with these problems, and with the genesis of the Nazi movement. An early entry quotes Fritz Thyssen, the steel and munitions manufacturer whose powerful backing the Nazis then had, who told Dodd that "*We* compelled the German Government to withdraw from the League."

In his diplomatic exchanges Dodd apparently, either deliberately or unavoidably, did not make contact with this country's representative, and it is significant to note that the first mention of the British Ambassador occurs under an item dated October 28. A year later Dodd notes a report that he had heard that a British armament concern had arrived in Berlin to negotiate for cash enormous quantities of war supplies, and adds that "the British Ambassador pretended to be surprised."

From the outset Dodd's attitude to Hitler, Göring and Goebbels was one of uncompromising frigidity. It was humiliating to him, he observed, "to shake hands with known and confessed murderers," and he contrived to avoid that humiliation during his whole stay in Germany. He also took a firm stand on the famous Nuremberg rallies, not always with the support he might have received both from his own Chancellery and from certain members of the Diplomatic Corps who might have been better advised.

The diary reveals that Dodd himself had few illusions on the inevitability of war, and during his whole tenure of office never once flinched from his duty to point to the perils which lay ahead.

Very early in his diary he noted Hitler to be an ill-educated romantic with a criminal record, and that Göring and Goebbels were both animated by intense class and foreign hatreds, both willing to resort to the most ruthless method. "They do not love each other, but in order to maintain their power they have to sit down together. I do not think there has ever been in modern history such a unique group." He was very quickly under the spell of the financial wizardry of Schacht, but apparently expected him to be bumped off at any moment. Papen he wrote off as "a futile, if intriguing person"; Neurath as a "pleasant poltroon," and so on.

As a footnote to history this is a valuable and interesting book.

THE AUTHOR OF THE "BEST-SELLER" OF THE MOMENT, "THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN": The demand for this booklet, just issued at threepence by the Air Ministry, is stupendous—it is being produced in hundreds of thousands. It was the Ministry's intention at first to conceal the identity of the author, but he has now been revealed as Mr. Hilary St. George Saunders. To a wide public he is known as a successful writer of "thrillers" under the pen-name of Francis Beeding

HOW THE YOUNG EVACUEES FROM LONDON SPEND THEIR LEISURE IN DEVONSHIRE: This picture has been sent to *The Sphere* by a Devonshire reader, who writes that the picture was not posed in any way. The group includes one boy evacuated from Battersea, and three Dartmoor village boys. They are studying the pages of this journal in front of the fire at The Hey, Throwleigh, in Devonshire. The fireplace, incidentally, is built of grey Dartmoor granite

WARTIME REVUE: A scene from the new show at the Comedy, *Orchids and Onions*. Acting in this lively revue are Miss Polly Ward and Mr. Denis Cowle. Above are seen Gordon Humphris, Hilde Palmer, and Nugent Marshall, and members of the chorus

A PICTURE OF LIFE, 1872-1940 (John Murray. 18s.) is the comprehensive title of Viscount Mersey's survey of his own life, written partly in autobiographical form and partly as a diary kept over the last twenty years. The son of one of the most famous lawyers of his day, Lord Mersey was born to wealth and power. The value of these things, as he understands them, are, in his own words, "to be able to help those who are less fortunate, and also to attain that proportion of privacy and leisure which is essential for the development of thought and culture."

He had, of course, many associations with the law, but his life was laid in different spheres. As a soldier he served both before and during the last war. He was also a great traveller, and served as a diplomat and as a war correspondent. In politics he was active, and was a Deputy Speaker and Whip of the House of Lords. In the world of commerce he was a power. He was also a classical scholar and a linguist of some distinction, as well as a noted bibliophile. He was also the author of some valuable historical works, as well as of some instructive and informative travel books.

The life of such a man, dedicated to the public service, and of one able to indulge in diverse cultural activities, must be of absorbing interest. In the diary which takes up the last twenty years of his life, there are many comments on most of the famous personalities of the day. These are in the form of day-by-day notes, but they reveal an appreciation and a savour of life which is unique. That the author does not choose to comment on events as they were shaping during those troublous years is perhaps all in character. For the general note is one of brevity and personalia rather than of comment on things as they appear to be. For so widely-read a person as Lord Mersey it is curious to come across an entry under "Books I have read this year," *Sergeant Grischa*, by Zweig, several American country novels by Herdischeimer; *Tampico*, *The Bright Shawl*, *etc.*, which might have been put right in proof-reading. This is a lively, interesting and at times piquant picture.

SICK HEART RIVER (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 3d. net) is a posthumous novel by the late Lord Tweedsmuir. It is good Buchan and an excellent example of the author's mastery of the technique of blending the drama of human emotion with physical adventure.

It may be that John Buchan had already felt the cold breath of the dark angel when he started out in this novel to describe how Sir Edward Leithen had received a sentence of death from his doctor. A little less than a year was the verdict, but it so happened that this famous lawyer simultaneously was presented with a case which interested him well enough to dedicate to its problems the remainder of his ebbing life. Suddenly and for no apparent reason, Francis Galliard, then enjoying fame and fortune in financial and social circles in New York, disappeared. The consequences to his family and to his business associates were serious enough for them to make desperate efforts to trace him. Leithen undertook the search.

Galliard was a French-Canadian by birth, and Leithen, after closely questioning Galliard's wife, family and business friends, set out for Canada. The trail leads him to a nostalgic spot by the St. Lawrence river, thence into the North-West wastes where, in the company of a half-Indian guide, he stumbles upon a remarkable natural phenomenon in the shape of Sick Heart River.

It is, as I have said, good Buchan. Leithen, of course, can never survive. "He knew that he would die; but he knew also that he would live."

Nobody reading this book can help but feel that a noble self-obituary has here been penned by a noble character. They are the last words in John Buchan's last novel.

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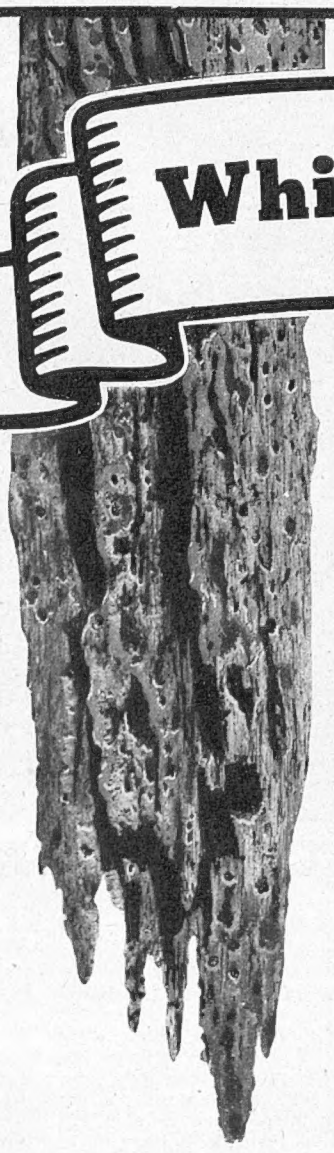

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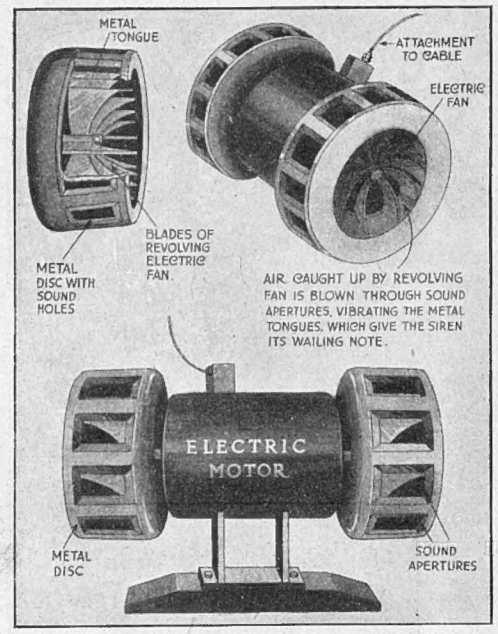
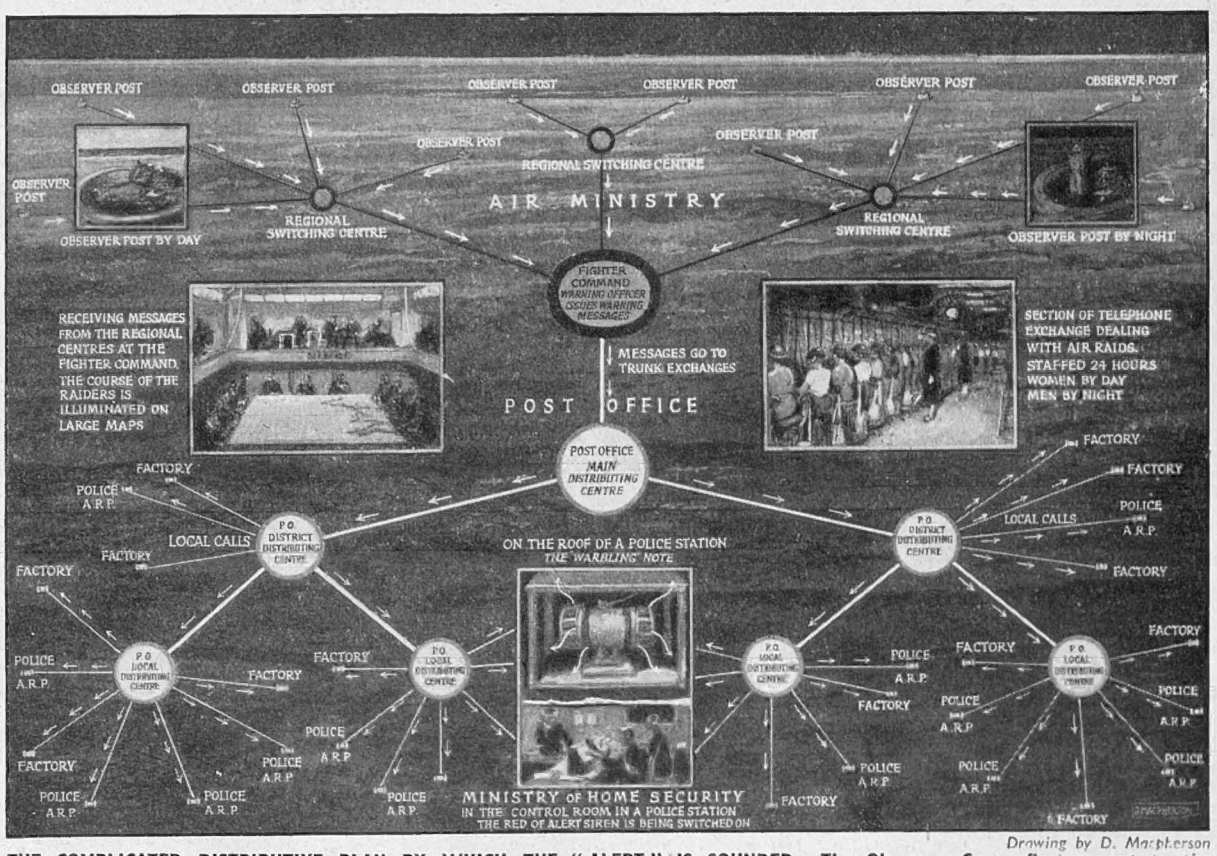


HOW THE SIREN IS CONSTRUCTED AND WORKS: The body of the siren consists of a powerful electric motor having a revolving fan on either side. The blades of the fan turn at high speed within a wooden case pierced all round with bevelled openings. In these are inserted, loosely, metal tongues. The air taken in at the sides is expelled with great force through the openings, and sets up a vibration with the tongues. The sound produced is so arranged that it gives either the "warbling" note of the "Alert," or the sustained note of "Raiders Passed," according to which switch, the "red" or the "white," is pressed. The red switch is the "Alert" and the white the "Raiders Passed." The siren takes sixteen to eighteen seconds to "warm up," and each siren is switched on individually from a telephone message. This accounts for the warnings not synchronising



Drawing by D. Macpherson

THE COMPLICATED DISTRIBUTIVE PLAN BY WHICH THE "ALERT" IS SOUNDED: The Observer Corps first report to the Air Ministry, and then the alarm is distributed as shown above

WHO SOUNDS THE SIREN?

A RECENT documentary film has given a glimpse of the work of the Fighter Command in determining the state of air-raid warning which should exist in any area of the country and in issuing the necessary messages to the districts affected. It was seen that they kept a check on the state of warning in the various districts by means of large maps; the exact warning position in a given district being indicated by the colour of a light illuminating that portion of the map. The observer posts, which send information on the approach of hostile aircraft, are equipped and wired by Post Office engineers—who also designed and constructed the illuminated maps.

On the basis of the information received from these posts, the "Warning Officer" of the Fighter Command issues the necessary warning messages. These are passed forward to certain main distributing centres staffed by Post Office telephonists, who thereafter distribute the warnings, over Post Office telephone lines, to the district distributing centres concerned. From these centres, which are in telephone exchanges, the warnings are again sent over telephone circuits to final distributing centres. Telephonists at these final centres distribute warnings to the local A.R.P. authorities and individual firms.

There is a complete system for warning about 10,000 points, although as few as four recipients may be listed at an exchange acting as a final distributing centre. The Chief Constable for the area, acting on instructions from the Ministry of Home Security, not the Post Office, determines the priority of these recipients. The telephone exchanges are staffed throughout the twenty-four hours, so that there shall be no avoidable delay in handling these warnings. This country-wide service is one of the many vital defence services which have to be given precedence by the Post Office over ordinary calls the moment Nazi raiders are detected approaching our coasts.

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

HOTELS are always changing hands—for better and for worse. In fact, if it was not for this constant transference of ownership and management, there would be no need for my role as an hotel adviser.

How a bad meal or some incivility of staff rankles in the public mind long after the offenders have severed all associations with their surroundings! What a host of hotels are living on past reputations! Perhaps an exceptional chef, a kindly, personal touch, or even thanks to the mythical Mr. Pickwick or the ambulatory Queen Elizabeth, who, if hotel brochures were to be believed, was the patron saint of the four-poster.

Hotel-keeping has not in this country, as on the Continent, been handed on from father to son and their sons, except in rare exceptions, and then there is a tinge of sadness when the continuity becomes broken. One trembles that the new brooms in sweeping clean will sweep too clean, though fortunately such has not been the case in respect of that famous old house, the Spread Eagle at Midhurst, that western gateway town to the South Downs.

It was about eighteen months ago that the last of the Freemantles, Captain Freemantle, went into well-deserved retirement. For thirty-five years he had presided over its destinies, and before him there were his father, his grandfather and his great-grandfather.

But all good things must come to an end some time, and whilst one ever dreads a break with tradition, I am sure that all old patrons of the Spread Eagle, as well as Captain Freemantle in his retreat in Devon, will be glad to know that Mr. Keith Gibson, the now resident director of the company which owns the Spread Eagle, has maintained tradition and developed its prestige in full measure.

In fact, following a recent visit I paid to the Spread Eagle, I feel there comes a time in everything when it is to the good when fresh blood is introduced.

Progress is retarded when tradition predominates. Let new brooms sweep clean, provided their wielders can discriminate between usefulness and uselessness.

Wisely has Mr. Keith Gibson made use of his broom. Outwardly there is nothing to indicate a change of proprietors. Much within remains as it was. The King Edward Room and the old Powder Closet still retain their old associations, yet much necessary modern improvement has been made without destroying the atmosphere of the past. Hot-and-cold water basins in bedrooms are now general. Central heating has been installed in practically all rooms. Many bedrooms have their own private bathrooms. The beds are the best of their kind. There are new carpets, curtains and bedspreads, though Mr. Gibson has already had, as all hoteliers have, that bitter experience of witnessing the woeful misuse of hotel property.

What would you do in the case of the lady who said she always preferred to clean her own shoes, and it was discovered she was using the underneath of the new blankets for the purpose? Or the gentleman with a private bathroom who was discovered busily engaged with a screwdriver removing the toilet fittings? Yet that is but two incidents amongst many of Mr. Gibson's, short but varied, experience as an hotel-keeper. Fortunately, he is possessed of all those faculties that permit him to feel amused when you or I would feel like murder. Ask him to tell you how he disposed of the grumblers, the lady who thought she had got away with a goodly supply of the hotel's new linen, and then tackle him on the more serious side of good hotel-keeping, and your confidence in the Spread Eagle of to-day and to-morrow will be enhanced. Good beds, good food and good wine have ever been the three primary foundation-stones of good hotels, but it is not all who are gifted with being able to discriminate between varying degrees of goodness. At the Spread Eagle to-day you will find that traditional regard for good food amidst an old-world setting. Roast duck, always a speciality of the house, continues, as well as a plentiful supply of other goodnesses from local farms. Candlelight to dine by at the week-ends, another tradition of the house, remains.

But the whole standard of cooking and presentation has, to my mind, been improved immensely under the new regime, and they have a wine-cellar to-day such as the past history of the Spread Eagle never knew. There awaits the connoisseur racks of vintage wines, rare liqueurs, that almost-forgotten French Vermouth of pre-war days; Nouilly Prat, old brandy and champagnes ranging from half-bottles to Jeroboams.

Thus the Spread Eagle continues under its new owners to maintain its role as an hospitable port of call for the passer-by, the man or woman on Service leave or those whose duties during the week keep them in dangerous places.

It is on these rare occasions of well-earned leave or week-end respite that one endorses the words of Dr. Johnson: "There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. C., Woking.—Wigan is the sort of town I avoid when in quest of good hotels, though many years ago, long before h. and c. in bedrooms became general, I found not only h. and c., but central heating in a comparatively small, unlicensed hotel there called the Grand, and it was grand to find such a surprise in Wigan. I am afraid that is all the information I can give you, but it may prove useful.

D. A., Cheshire.—You have left me to guess at the type of hotel you are looking for, but here are one or two places which are worth your consideration. Trefiddian Hotel, Aberdovey (it is a school in term-time but is run very well in the summer holidays as an hotel). It is a very good spot for a holiday. Linksway Private Hotel, Morfa Nevin, Carnarvonshire. This is almost on the beach, joins the golf-course, and there are riding stables. Oakley Arms Hotel (a school also in term-time), about seven miles from Portmadoc. The Castle Hotel, Deganwy, North Wales.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a 2½d. stamp for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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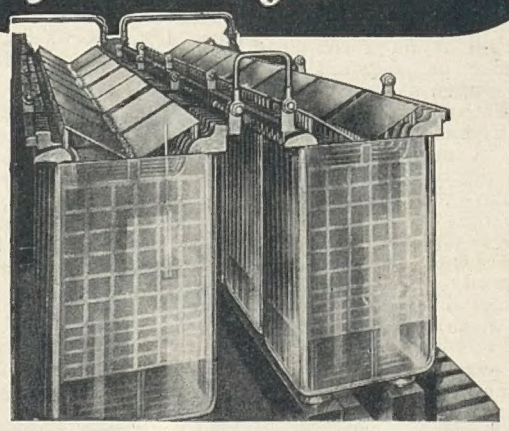

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